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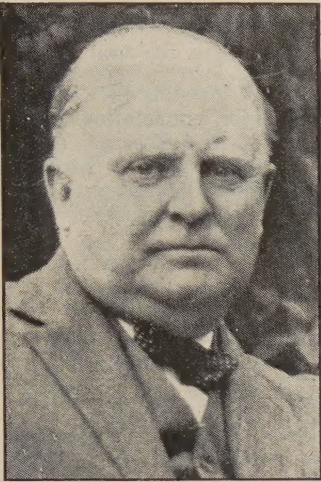
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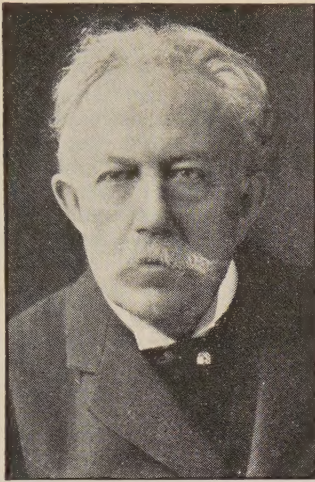
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TOPICS • OF • THE • D. A. R.

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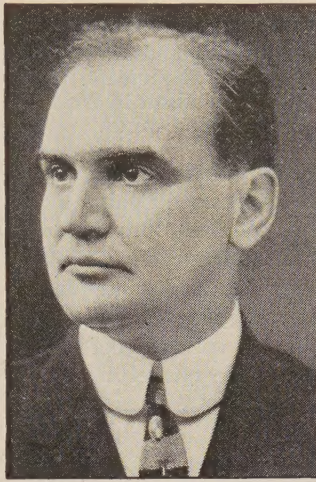


WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

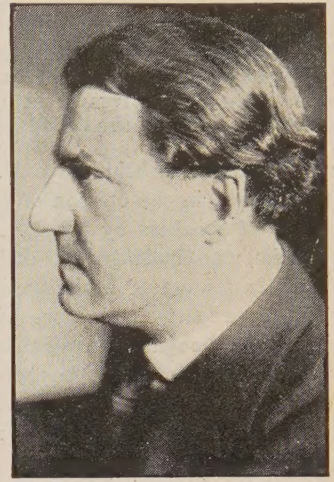


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BLACKLISTED BY THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

WHAT IS BEHIND THE D. A. R. BLACKLISTS?

STARTLINGLY INCONGRUOUS, to many readers of the daily press, is the discovery that an organization of women who pride themselves on their descent from the fathers of the American Revolution has "blacklisted" scores of leading American citizens for their liberal or radical sympathies. Yet this is the charge made specifically against the Massachusetts branch of the Daughters of the American Revolution by one of their number, Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, of Cambridge, who is a direct descendant of Anne Adams Tufts, a Revolutionary heroine, decorated for bravery in nursing wounded soldiers under fire of the British at Bunker Hill. Similar blacklists, we are told, are in the possession of the organization in other States, and the principle involved, that of supplying the D. A. R. officers with secret lists of public speakers who are to be regarded as tabu, is indorsed and defended by the President-General of the D. A. R., Mrs. A. J. Brosseau.

"Revolutionary backgrounds, it might be supposed, would incline these ladies to a certain sympathy with other rebellious spirits," remarks the *St. Paul Pioneer Press*, which adds: "It is certainly an anomalous situation." "For the leaders of the Daughters of the American Revolution to stigmatize certain men and women as 'radical' or 'Socialistic' or 'communistic,' and in this way practically to prevent local chapters of the organization from inviting them to speak, savors of that very Bolshevism which the D. A. R. regards with such abhorrence," notes the *New York Evening Post*; and it goes on to say:

"It is fortunate for the members of the D. A. R. that the ancestors whose brave deeds they honor were made of sterner stuff. Fancy Samuel Adams proscribing a man because his utterances might be 'radical'! Americans of that elder day were not afraid to have issues threshed out in public. They would

have thought they were false to the liberty they were demanding if they had yielded to the suggestion that they refuse to listen to anybody except those whose views they shared. Obedience to a blacklist of this kind simply means that those who accept it are shutting their minds against ideas at variance with those they hold. This is not the historic American attitude."

"What the D. A. R. need is a good stiff drink of the simon-pure brand of the Spirit of '76," declares Mercer G. Johnston, director of the Baltimore Open Forum, who tempers his criticism, however, by adding: "The trouble is, the wrong women are doing the talking for the organization." "We wonder what Washington would say to-day if he could read the announcement that the Daughters of the American Revolution have blacklisted all those of liberal tendencies from their speaking lists," exclaims the *New York Graphic*. But the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, which regards the matter as "an entertaining interlude," remarks:

"As a relief from bandits, oil scandals, and other ructions of a more or less unpleasant kind, the news that the Massachusetts D. A. R.'s have a blacklist for speakers is welcome. It has given entertainment to a number of persons, including, apparently, the blacklisted themselves, and no really hard feeling seems to have been provoked in any quarter by the revelation."

"If the rabble-rousing rebels of 1776 had been the same kind of people their timid daughters are, the Daughters of the American Revolution would be daughters of the American Tories," declares William Allen White, editor of the *Emporia Gazette*, who is among those blacklisted by the organization. The D. A. R., he explains, have been "lured into the Red-baiting mania by the tea gladiators of Washington." As quoted in an *Emporia* dispatch to the *New York Herald Tribune*, Mr. White says:

"The Kansas D. A. R. sent out my name on its blacklist nearly

two years ago, and the net effect of the action was to get the D. A. R. laughed at. I am classed as a 'Socialist' on the list, altho I have contributed to the Republican party campaign funds—local, State, and national—for years. In 1924 I had a personal letter from President Coolidge thanking me for my help in that campaign. This year I am one of the big seven delegates-at-large to the National Republican Convention instructed for Charles Curtis, who is as conservative as Joe Cannon himself.

"The D. A. R. also blacklists the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the National Federation of Women's Clubs, the League of Women Voters, and all anti-child labor organizations as Communistic.

"I assume this is the real reason I am on the list. I always have supported these five organizations, and if they are Bolshevistic, then I am a Marxian reeking from Moscow.

"For a man to be branded Socialistic who has opposed the McNary-Haugen bill, supported the Coolidge armament program, and stood for Senator Curtis for President, is just funny. It shows what happens when the brass buttons of the retired Army officers in Washington hypnotize the nice old girls of the D. A. R.

"The D. A. R. is all right—just foolish leadership and a taste for idle, apoplectic old gentlemen in red flannels who escape the boredom of their rich wives by sitting in club windows in Washington and bemoaning the decadence of a growing world."

But there is more behind the D. A. R. blacklists than Mr. White suggests, in the opinion of some observers. Behind the censorship of speakers by the D. A. R., declares Mrs. Helen Tufts Bailie, who challenges this policy in the organization, there is "a whole system of espionage, innuendo, and aspersions, which has been flourishing in more than seventy patriotic societies, darkening the thought of many thousands of well-meaning men and women, and hampering the usefulness of our greatest leaders and our noblest institutions." As quoted in *The Christian Science Monitor*, Mrs. Bailie goes on to say:

"Boston harbors two groups of blacklists, screened under organizations with high-sounding names. In California, Illinois, and other States, there are similar blacklist factories.

"None of them work in the open, but surreptitiously, through patriotic and militarist societies, which readily become their dupes, and circulate, privately, of course, lists of 'undesirables,' or doubtful speakers and organizations.

"To what classes belong the men and women so branded? They are educators, professors, college presidents, clergymen of all denominations, advocates of peace, workers for improvement in industrial and economic relations and social betterment. In brief, the forward-minded, intellectual leaders of America.

"What is the remedy? Let in the sunlight of publicity. Force the patrioteers to face those whom they attack."

This nation-wide system of espionage is "semi-military in character," according to the Rev. E. Tallmadge Root, Executive Secretary of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches. "It is invoked in the name of Americanism and patriotism, and apparently aims at censorship and the suppression of free speech," adds Mr. Root. And Edwin D. Mead, writing in the *Springfield Republican*, has this to say:

"We have been hearing a good deal lately of a certain 'blacklist,' including such men as Bishops Anderson, Brewster, and McConnell, Rabbi Levi, Rev. John Haynes Holmes, and Dr. Speight, Dean Pound of the Harvard Law School, Prof. Irving Fisher of Yale, President Neilson of Smith College, President Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke, Jane Addams, and William Allen White.

"The authors of this nefarious production have sent it out broadcast to churches, schools, clubs, and societies of all sorts, urging them to permit none of the persons on the 'blacklist' to address their people; and it has wrought wide-spread mischief. A similar list has been spread by the Industrial Defense Association of Boston. The *New York World* and the *Springfield Republican* have been exposing the iniquity in detail, in thorough and wholesome fashion, and happily with the sympathy and cooperation of the best papers in the country.

"The authorities of the Daughters of the American Revolution incredibly swallowed the bait and sponsored a similar 'blacklist' so far as to broadcast it to their constituency as admonition to the faithful. This action was so glaringly outside the province of the organization, and so repugnant to its best minds, that the

protests to the general officers from members all over the country have been very sharp. Coincidentally, a general convention of the Daughters the other day at Washington, in alliance with other women's 'patriotic' organizations, sent a spokesman to the Capitol to bolster the big navy program, at the very time that the churches and educators of the country were sending in their overwhelming protest against it."

Defenders of the D. A. R. policy minimize the protests, and explain that the lists in question are not really blacklists. Thus, Mrs. A. J. Brosseau, the organization's President-General, is quoted in the *Washington Star* as saying:

"All these outbreaks are the result of the appearance before Congress of Mrs. William Sherman Walker, of the national society, in support of the Navy bill. They are the outcries of minor members of our order who are not entirely in sympathy with our stand for national defense. The charges they are making are either ill-founded or without any basis of fact whatever."

And in another statement to the press, Mrs. Brosseau says:

"I draw no conclusions, but it is an interesting fact that the recent agitation has followed closely upon enunciations of our proper and justified stand in support of adequate national defense and the Navy bill. The Daughters of the American Revolution stand unwaveringly for constitutional government and American institutions. No man or woman who adheres to those principles need fear repudiation from us.

"It is time that all Americans stood up and were counted."

"The National society has no blacklist," declares Mrs. William Sherman Walker, Vice-President-General and Chairman of the Defense Committee. As quoted in a Washington dispatch to the *New York World*, Mrs. Walker goes on to say:

"Emphatically, as National Defense Chairman, I abhor the word in all his implications. If the Massachusetts D. A. R. has used any lists, they must have been solely of an advisory nature and not intended for circulation or public reference. If such lists were counted purely confidential, was it not trespassing on good judgment and ethical standards for a member of the society not occupying an office of any kind to christen such advisory lists 'blacklists,' and herald them far and wide?"

"If Republicans do not invite Democrats to make their keynote speeches, why should strong national defense advocates, like the Daughters of the American Revolution, invite obstructionists to set their programs in motion?"

"We are strong nationalists, and proud of it. We love our country, and put our country first, not that we wish to deal unjustly with any other nation—ever—but we just choose to love our country best. How, then, could we have sympathy with those who would make of our country one grand international conglomeration."

On the other hand, the *Springfield Republican* feels that "it is almost pitiful to see an organization founded on the tradition of the American Revolution blind itself to what was most progressively distinctive in Revolutionary achievement," and—

"If some of those ideas were now fearlessly applied by the membership of that organization, the pontifical attempt of the central power to control the speaking and lecture engagements in the programs of local chapters by means of 'blacklists' would be defied by the local chapters in the name of local self-government—an old-fashioned Revolutionary principle.

"The error of the D. A. R. consists in allowing its machinery of control to be captured by a group impregnated with jingoistic, illiberal, and intolerant conceptions of the duties and responsibilities of American citizenship as shaped by the Constitution, which was the child of the Revolution itself. As a so-called ancestor society, it can not fail to be ridiculous while posturing on such a restricted basis. It has such a wealth of splendid traditions as its inheritance, that protest and revolt against the betrayal of the society's broader mission are inevitable."

But, after all, remarks the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, "this blacklisting business may be the work of just a few leaders of the D. A. R., and the organization will boldly proclaim in due time that it stands, advanced a century and a half, on the same platform from which the Henrys, the Jeffersons, and the Masons became the champions of truth and freedom of thought!"

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. What East Indian potentate possesses a carpet of jewels? (p. 52).
2. For what disease are lilies a specific? (p. 22).
3. What United States city has the highest record for dirt? (p. 22).
4. Are pulpit "stunts" necessary for religious success on Broadway? (p. 30).
5. What French proposal is being criticized in our newspapers as being "hedged about with barbed-wire entanglements of 'ifs' and 'buts'?" (p. 8).
6. Who was Military Governor of Brussels during the German occupations? (p. 24).
7. What famous foreign aviator recently attained a speed of 350 miles an hour? (p. 89).
8. When does the elephant, in his native state, eat and sleep? (p. 71).
9. What two stocks were most active in the March boom in the stock market? (p. 86).
10. How many million gallons of water were released when the St. Francis Dam broke? (p. 34).
11. How many people in the United States are directly subject to the hazard of dust-explosions? (p. 20).
12. Who is Foreign Secretary of Great Britain? (p. 24).
13. Do church members spend more for religion or candy? (p. 28).
14. What was the original color of the wild bison of Europe? (p. 72).
15. What measure, calling for the ultimate expenditure of more than \$500,000,000 was recently passed by unanimous vote in the Senate? (p. 10).
16. Where is the so-called international date line to be found? (p. 91).
17. What are the "wolf boys" of Moscow? (p. 44).
18. What is the Scotch emblem of Knighthood? (p. 22).
19. Were the young folks of fifty years ago any better than those of to-day? (p. 29).
20. What caused the disappearance of the American antelope or "pronghorn"? (p. 82).
21. What Latin-American republic, through its Lower House, has voted against American supervision of its elections? (p. 13).
22. Where was the Eden Musée last located? (p. 62).
23. Who is Egypt's new Premier? (p. 15).
24. From how many theaters has Alexander Woolcott been (politely) ejected? (p. 66).
25. What is the "Compas d'Or"? (p. 17).

ANOTHER TAX-REDUCTION BATTLE ON

ANOTHER FIGHT OVER tax-reduction plans is engaging the interest of Congress, and, of course, of the onlooking editors and correspondents. There has been a long lull because the Senate wouldn't act on the House tax bill until Secretary Mellon could report the March 15 income-tax collections, and suggest a plan of his own. Then, to add to the confusion, when the Mellon-plan baby was produced on April 3—it was twins. So three tax plans are in the open, and there may be more. The House bill calls for a cut of \$289,000,000. Secretary Mellon presents a reduction scheme with a maximum cut of \$201,000,000, but he fears that will be impossible if Congress spends as much as \$30,000,000 next year on flood-control, so he submits an alternate reduction plan with a \$182,000,000 cut. But the Democrats, led by Senator Simmons, insist that Mr. Mellon is always making mistakes in calculating surpluses and deficits, and that it will be perfectly safe to cut taxes well over \$300,000,000. The Senate Finance Committee will report some kind of a bill, which some Washington correspondents say assures tax-reduction this session, and Chairman Smoot of the Committee shares this optimism. But the end of the reduction lane is not in sight, dubiously reflects the *Charlotte Observer*. As Clarence L. Linz, Washington correspondent of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, puts it:

"The greatly curtailed program now offered by Mr. Mellon, with the rather plain indication from the White House that any bill menacing the security of the Treasury might be vetoed; the fact that the Progressives in the Senate are not keen about any form of tax-reduction now contemplated, and the general lack of real public interest in this matter give rise to the belief that possibly the Administration may consider it wiser to permit of the application of the surplus to the further curtailment of the public debt rather than to distribute it among a limited number of taxpayers with ill-feeling aroused among the non-beneficiaries."

As briefly retold in a *New York Herald Tribune* dispatch, Mr. Mellon's chief recommendations are:

"Reduction of the general corporation tax from 13½ to 12 per cent., with reduction of insurance company rate from 12½ to 12 per cent. This will mean the loss of \$123,000,000 in revenue. "The revision of rate applicable to intermediate brackets of income tax, resulting in loss of \$50,000,000 in revenue. "Repeal of the estate tax, resulting in loss of \$7,000,000.

"Repeal of cereal beverage tax, and reduction of wine tax, with loss of \$1,115,000 in revenue.

"This would mean a total reduction of \$181,115,000.

"On the basis of a surplus of \$212,000,000, which ignores the prospective \$30,000,000 for flood-relief, the Secretary includes other items of reduction in his recommendations, and approves certain features of the House bill, especially the increase in the exemption from \$2,000 to \$3,000 in the case of corporations with incomes of \$25,000 or less, and increase in the exemption from 75 cents to \$1, in the case of the admissions tax. These two items would cut off \$20,000,000 more in revenue and bring the total reduction in revenue to \$201,115,000."

In his statement, the head of the Treasury Department calls attention to estimates of a surplus of around \$400,000,000 in the present fiscal year, 1928, and \$212,000,000 in 1929. He points out that income-tax receipts were \$1,889,000,000 in 1927, and receipts already in hand indicate that the totals for the fiscal years ending with June, 1928, and 1929, respectively will both be very close to \$1,890,000,000. Secretary Mellon followed up his analysis of the nation's finances with an emphatic statement of his views on certain taxes. For one thing, he does not agree with the House majority which eliminated the manufacturers' tax on automobiles:

"As a matter of principle, it is difficult to justify the repeal of this tax. Levied at a low rate, it imposes no particular hardship, yet by reason of the broad base on which it rests, it produces substantial revenue. The cost of our Federal Government is already borne to a very large extent, indeed, when we consider the size of our population, by the comparatively small number that pay direct taxes. A further material reduction in indirect taxes will produce a very ill-balanced tax system under which our national Government will be supported, not by the entire body of our citizens, but by a limited class. The cost of the Government of all should not be borne by the few."

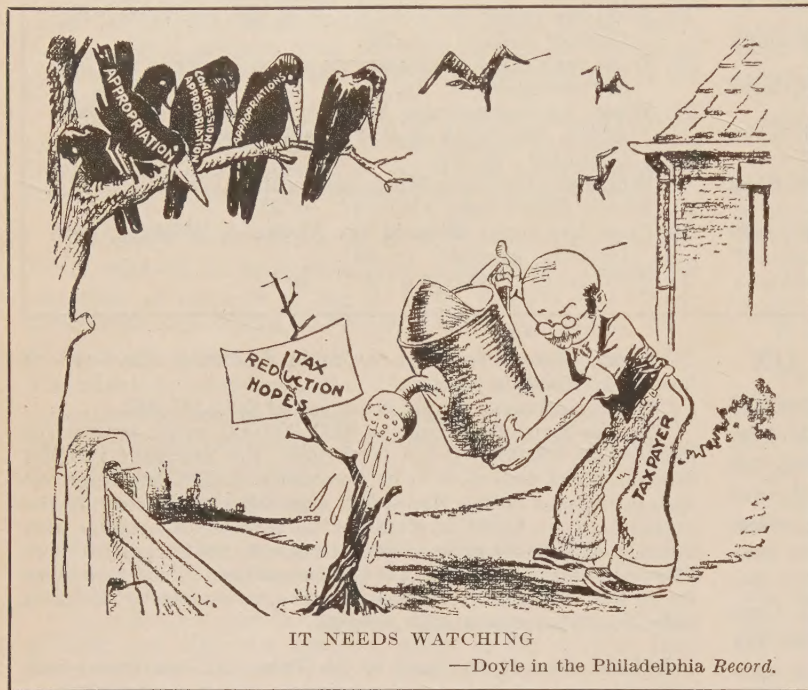
This seems to be a perfectly sound program to Republican dailies like the *New York Herald Tribune*, *New York Sun*, *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Springfield Union*, and conservative independent dailies like the *Providence Journal* and *Washington Post and Star*. The country has been encouraged to expect tax-reduction in 1928, says the *New York Herald Tribune*, but it must be reasonable, "and \$200,000,000 is a substantial balance with which to work." This amount of tax-reduction, as compared with the Mellon suggestion of \$225,000,000 a few months ago and the \$289,000,000 in the House bill, looks small, but, argues the *Springfield Union*, it is chiefly accounted for by our

increasing expenditures. Since the House bill was passed, many big appropriations have been made and others are in sight, agrees the *Washington Post*—

"Mr. Mellon takes into account a probable appropriation for flood-control, but he leaves out of account such items as Muscle Shoals, Boulder Dam, and the McNary-Haugen bill.

"If Congress should pass these three bills, tax-reduction will not only be glimmering, but increased taxation will be in sight."

It has been noted that the Democrats have their tax-reduction plan. In a general way, according to Mr. Simmons, ranking Democrat on the Senate Finance Committee, it calls for a re-



duction of not less than \$300,000,000, and includes among other suggestions for these changes—

"Reduce the corporation income tax to 11 per cent. (at a cost in revenue to the Government of \$205,000,000); increase the exemption of corporations with net income of not to exceed \$25,000 from \$2,000 to \$3,000 (at a revenue cost of \$12,000,000) and provide a graduated scale of taxes for small corporations (at a revenue cost of \$24,000,000); repeal the automobile tax (\$66,000,000) and readjust the intermediate surtax brackets (\$50,000)."

Mr. Mellon's ideas of tax-reduction are not going to be heeded very closely by the Senate, in the opinion of the *Providence News* (Dem.)—"by the time Senator Simmons and others are through with the tax proposals, Mr. Mellon will have another demonstration of how Congress can make liberal tax-reductions without putting Uncle Sam's treasure chest in jeopardy." And another Democratic journal, the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, observes:

"The Mellon proposal of 1928 promises to be least popular of all the tax-reducing plans which have borne that name.

"The most important reduction proposed by Mellon is one of 1½ per cent. in the tax on corporations. When it is remembered that this particular tax was raised at the time of the last revision in order to make cuts possible in the lower ranges of individual incomes, it is difficult to imagine that a cut at this point will now be accepted without a fight.

"Not much more popular will be the proposal to repeal the Federal estates tax and to reduce income surtaxes in the brackets between \$14,000 and \$75,000. And the suggestion that the Federal automobile tax of 3 per cent., against which the motor industry has made such a fight, and which the House bill repealed, should be restored, will not be popular. With the wide ownership of automobiles it was at this point that tax-reduction this year had promised relief to a large number."

RENOUNCING WAR—WITH RESERVATIONS

RENOUNCING WAR, no matter how pacific may be the desires of the leading nations, seems to be growing more and more difficult, if we may judge from the diplomatic notes that have been exchanged between France and the United States since April 6, 1927, when Foreign Minister Briand made his notable proposal for a pact of perpetual friendship between the two countries. The latest French note, replying to Secretary of State Kellogg's counter-proposal for a general treaty renouncing war, "therefore marks the first anniversary of these extremely important discussions," observes the *Baltimore Sun*. At first the suggestion was made that only France and the United States agree to outlaw war. Then Mr. Kellogg suggested that six nations enter a pact. Now comes Mr. Briand, saying, in effect: "If we are going to have six, why not make it multi-lateral in its fullest sense?" On the other hand, say the skeptics, it is too much to expect the nations to subscribe to such a wholesale renunciation; that even if four-fifths of them should sign on the dotted line, it would require years to obtain the ratification of their respective governments.

The notes of Secretary Kellogg and Mr. Briand indicate to the *Kansas City Star* that "they are perfectly agreed, in principle, that peace is more desirable than war. They are perfectly agreed, in principle, that a treaty abolishing war would be a desirable thing. They are perfectly agreed, in principle, that there is nothing—outside of a few reservations—to prevent the making of such a treaty between their respective countries." The conditions which the French believe ought to be met are thus summarized by the *Springfield Union*:

"The treaty must be adhered to by all the nations of the world; it must be provided that should any signatory violate it, the treaty would cease to be binding upon the others as regards their obligations to the violator; it must permit the maintenance of legitimate national defense; it must not invalidate in any way other existing treaties between the signatories, by which presumably are meant the Covenant of the League of Nations, the Locarno compacts, and the French alliances.

"M. Briand's response to Secretary Kellogg's note, while conceding much, marks progress that is more apparent than real. Behind the diplomatic phrases is evident both unwillingness and political inability wholly to renounce resort to war. The negotiations, undertaken without the deepest sincerity on either side, have been exercised in much diplomatic maneuvering. They may be continued indefinitely, altho with what benefit to the cause of world peace is yet indiscernible."

It is also difficult for the *Brooklyn Eagle* to see in the French reply to the latest American note much progress toward agreement. According to this daily:

"Foreign Minister Briand would except wars of defense. What nation has ever admitted that the war it declared was 'offensive'?"

"If any one nation breaks the pact, the other nations are released from their pledge. Of what value, then, is the pact?"

"The treaty will not affect previous engagements. But previous engagements commit all the signatories to go to war under certain conditions.

"All Powers are to be included. But what if some Powers refuse to join?"

"To state these reservations is to indicate how little they leave in the way of an agreement to do away with war. The trouble lies in the diverse approach of France and the United States to the anti-war problem.

"Mr. Kellogg is not thinking of a well-defined treaty. He wants a general anti-war declaration which defines nothing and prescribes nothing. M. Briand wants a formal treaty with precise definitions and limitations. The Kellogg plan will not mean much, but the Briand plan, with all its reservations, would mean even less."

To quote a part of the Briand note, submitted by the French Ambassador, M. Claudel:

"Without in any way losing sight of its international obligations, both as a member of the League of Nations and as a party to the treaties of Locarno or treaties guaranteeing neutrality, France, for the purpose of finding a common basis for initial negotiations, is wholly disposed, after a new examination of the proposals formulated by your Excellency, to suggest immediately to the German, British, Italian, and Japanese governments that they join in seeking, in the spirit and in the letter of the last American note, any adjustments which in the last analysis may be forthcoming with respect to the possibility of reconciling previous obligations with the terms of the contemplated new treaty. . . .

"My Government likewise gathers from the declarations which Your Excellency was good enough to make to me on the first of last March, the assurance that the renunciation of war, thus proclaimed, would not deprive the signatories of the right of legitimate defense. . . .

"The signatory Powers of such an instrument, while not prejudicing their rights of legitimate defense within the framework of existing treaties, should make a solemn declaration condemning recourse to war as an instrument of national policy, or in other words, as a means of carrying out their own spontaneous, independent policy.

"They would specifically undertake, among themselves, to refrain from any attack or invasion, and never to seek the settlement of any difference or conflict of whatsoever nature or origin which might arise between them save by pacific means.

"It would, however, be clearly understood that an obligation could only exist for the signatories in the event that the engagement were contracted by all States; that is to say, that the treaty would only come into force after having received universal acceptance, unless the Powers having signed this treaty or acceded thereto should agree upon its coming into force, despite certain abstentions.

"Finally, in case one of the contracting Powers should contravene the treaty, the other contracting Powers would be automatically relieved, with respect to that Power, of the obligations contained in the treaty."

In the opinion of the *Philadelphia Record*, this document, "formidable in length and glamorous with language of high nobility, is so hedged about with barbed-wire entanglements of 'ifs' and 'buts' that it amounts to a courteous repudiation of the Kellogg proposal." In fact, declares the *Washington Post*:

"Reduced to plain language, M. Briand's note states that France can not enter into an unconditional renunciation of war. If Mr. Kellogg insists upon such an agreement, 'the French Government would hesitate to discuss longer the question.' But if Mr. Kellogg will agree that the new treaty shall not supersede or interfere with the military alliance embodied in the League of Nations, or with special military alliances, or with treaties guaranteeing the neutrality of certain States, then France is willing to discuss the wording of the new treaty. M. Briand also endeavors to draw Mr. Kellogg into an assurance that the proposed renunciation of war would not deprive the Powers of their right of 'legitimate defense.' In other words, M. Briand reserves the right, in agreeing to renounce war, to reject all disarmament plans. Finally, he insists that a treaty to renounce war would not be effective unless it embraced all nations. Unless Russia were included, for example, it would be impossible for France to renounce war, as France is bound to defend Poland.

"Thus it is evident that the cause of universal peace is not advanced by M. Briand's reply. The great Powers will not agree with the United States to renounce war. They have already entered into a combination called the Covenant of the League of Nations, which binds them to boycott and make war on any nation that forces the issue by refusing to accept their dictation. In order to renounce war they would have to scrap the Covenant. They do not dare to throw away their military alliances—open and secret—renounce war, and prove their good faith by disarming themselves. Hence the elaborate embroidery of M. Briand's note. Strip it of its superfluous verbiage, and its true intent is exposed."

The attitude of the *New Haven Register*, however, is that no other member of the League of Nations could very well take a different stand. Furthermore, explains the *Philadelphia*

Inquirer, "France can not definitely outlaw war without some assurance that all her neighbors are of the same mind." To quote the *New Haven paper* further:

"Foreign Minister Briand maintains that any treaty for this purpose must take into account France's League and treaty commitments. The Covenant of the League provides that military sanctions may be ordered against a member which makes war without exhausting the League machinery for seeking peaceful settlement. By the Treaty of Locarno, Great Britain agrees to use its military force against the aggressor in any outbreak of hostilities between France and Germany. No European



nation could enter into a treaty for the renunciation of war unless it allowed the signatories to live up to these previous commitments. And the United States on its side has the policy of the Monroe Doctrine to defend.

"Briand's position is reasonable and practical. It shows the limits of any world treaty to outlaw war. The value of such a pact must in the nature of things be largely moral. It would be another step in building up an international public opinion against war. It would place another stigma on the nation which undertook the rôle of aggressor by force of arms. Not much more than that could be expected of it."

"Whatever the difficulties, the subject should be pursued," maintains the *New York World*. Surely, it adds, "when nations ardently desire a common policy of peace, no effort should be left untried to arrive at a satisfactory formula." Already the *Manchester Union* sees "a distinct gain" in the Briand note:

"It indicates a strong desire at Paris to avoid, if possible, rejecting the American bid for peace. This desire seems also to be shared by Great Britain, Germany, and Japan. Aside from questions of definition; whether any multilateral pact for the outlawry of war as an instrument of national policy can be made hole-proof or not, the moral obligation that such a pact would create would mark a distinct step in the direction of peace. The pact might break down in the future, but the fact that a group of the leading nations of the earth had registered a vow to tabu war wherever possible would tend to crystallize the accumulated peace sentiment of the world to-day. For this reason, it is fortunate that an effort is being made to preserve the intent of Secretary Kellogg's proposal, even tho all its details may not be satisfactorily adjusted. This effort in itself indicates a desire to promote peaceable methods and foster a friendly spirit among the nations."

SUSPICIONS OF "PORK" IN THE FLOOD-CONTROL BILL

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT, in the opinion of a number of Republican, independent, and Democratic newspapers, is set by the \$325,000,000 Jones bill for flood-control in the Mississippi Valley, which provides that these millions—perhaps twice the amount—shall come from the United States Treasury. Politics is the *St. Paul Dispatch's* explanation: "A Presidential campaign is in the offing; some of the flood States lie in politically doubtful territory; the Republicans are not eager to alienate affections in a

"In determining the distribution of costs, there must be considered, not only the people of the valley itself, who receive the major portion of the benefits, but also the great mass of taxpayers who suffer less directly from Mississippi River floods, and upon whom most of the burden of Federal taxation falls. . . .

"The Federal treasury should bear the portion of the cost of engineering structures for flood-control that is justified by the national aspects of the problem and the national benefits. It may even bear 80 per cent. of such costs, but substantial local cooperation is essential to avoid waste."

"Such was the President's opinion in December, supported by as competent a corps of engineers as the world affords. The suggested division of costs appeals to the intelligence of the country as fair and sound.

"The Senatorial pretense that the bill accords with the President's ideas as to a division on costs, in its recognition of the fact that the Valley States most afflicted in the past have already spent nearly \$300,000,000 to fight floods, is too thin to stand analysis. What these States have spent in the past was primarily for their own protection, and has no bearing on the new problem of permanent control.

"Such a program as proposed by the Jones bill will add millions to the value of land along the lower river. It will confer security on communities long afflicted, bring new areas under safe cultivation, and spread a blanket of assurance over a large and increasing population. For these blessings the country as a whole should bear a large part of the huge expense, for in its large aspects the problem is truly national. By no process of sound reasoning, however, can it be established that the entire cost should come from the Federal treasury. As the Jones bill stands, it constitutes an unwarranted and dangerous raid on the Government. Whether inspired by Presidential politics or by mere unthinking acquiescence in a lobby-born policy of grab, it constitutes a proposal perilous in its possibilities."

According to the *Baltimore Sun's* Washington correspondent:

"The Jones bill, says its author, is a welding of the best features of the measure suggested by Maj.-Gen. Edgar Jadwin, Chief of Army Engineers, and by the Mississippi River Commission. It creates a board, to be composed of the Chief of Engineers, the President of the Mississippi River Commission, the Secretary of War, and two civilian engineers, which is directed to consider the engineering differences between the Jadwin plan and that of the Mississippi River Commission, and provides that any action the board shall take will be final, save that if the board should favor a new project covering any controverted problem, it must submit its recommendation to Congress.

"The Jadwin plan, on which the Jones bill is based, calls for the setting back of levees at various places along the Mississippi River, the creation of floodways into which water would be diverted in flood time to carry it through regulated channels to the Gulf, and a spillway to divert a part of the flood from the Mississippi into Lake Pontchartrain above New Orleans."

"If the Jones bill becomes a law, as it stands," declares the *New York Sun*, "the public may prepare itself for an orgy of profiteering by local and benefited districts at the expense of the rest of the United States." Continues *The Sun*:



From the *New York Times*

"LET THE STATES WHICH CONTRIBUTE THE WATER CONTRIBUTE THE MONEY"

Is the suggestion of a paragrapher in *The New Yorker*. This map shows where the Mississippi floods come from. With its tributaries the Father of Waters drains two-fifths of the entire area of the United States.

region so important." To the *Detroit Free Press*, "the provision in the Jones measure that the entire cost of flood-control shall be borne by the Government is a piece of politics which is without justification. It can be explained only by the circumstance that Mississippi Valley Senators and Congressmen are out to get everything possible while the getting is good." This bill, calling for expenditures over a period of years variously estimated at from \$300,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000, declares the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, "reflects the general feeling that no burden is too great for the broad back and deep purse of Uncle Sam." Continues the *Cleveland daily*:

"This Jones bill is a perfect embodiment of the theory that no State or community should pay anything it can tap the national treasury for. It runs counter to the opinion of experts, does violence to the Administration program, and lets the American taxpayers in for an expenditure that may easily pass the billion mark. It is a victory for lobbying and for log-rolling.

"Federal government engineers, after the disaster of last spring, undertook an intensive study of flood-prevention, and their report went to the President at the beginning of the present session of Congress. In transmitting their report to House and Senate in December, President Coolidge took a definite stand against the proposal that the full cost of the necessary improvement should be financed from the national treasury. Said the President, in part:

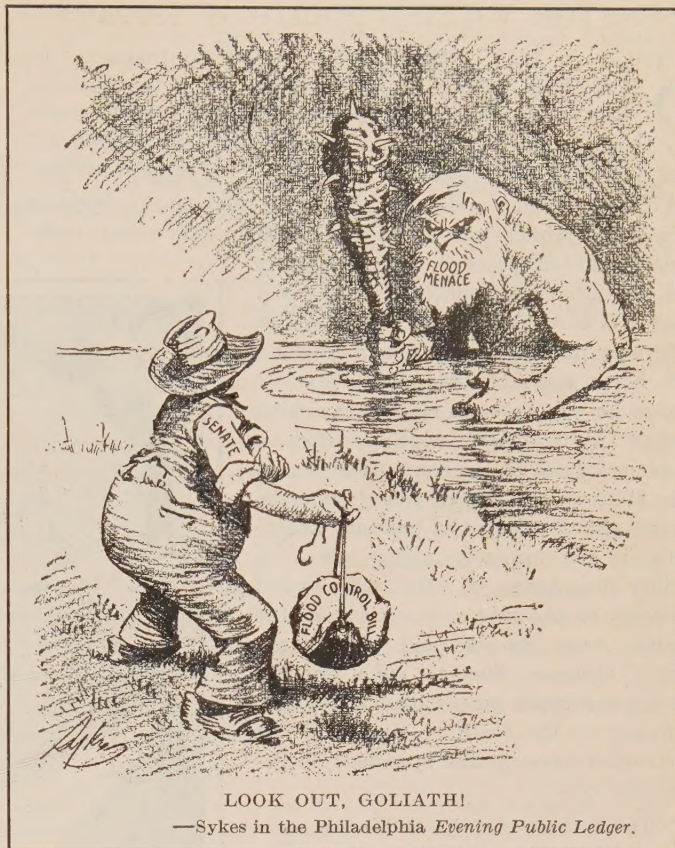
"Not only does this bill flout the President in his contention that States and their subdivisions should supply all the land and assume pecuniary responsibility for damages, but it insists that the Government shall buy all the land or other property it may require in completing the work, pay whatever costs may be incurred in procuring titles or easements, and stand all incidental losses on account of damage to private property.

"Was there ever a more daring raid upon the Treasury than this scheme involves? Shorn of the verbiage inserted to conceal its real purpose, it means that the United States shall go into the several States, buy from their residents and corporations portions of their flood-endangered lands, relieve those lands and neighboring areas from further danger of inundation, and then without reimbursement turn back to the residents property not actually used in accomplishing its engineering purpose.

"There is a lame provision that in condemnation proceedings benefits accruing to persons, corporations, and municipalities shall be considered by way of reducing the compensation. How futile this will be to safeguard the Treasury needs no imagination to foresee. When prices are scaled in condemnation proceedings there will still be a fat bill for Uncle Sam to pay, and a fat profit for the land-owner and fat fees for fixers, who under the favoring shade of this bill will breed like rabbits on rich grassland."

"By placing the entire burden on the Treasury," maintains the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, "the Senate has created a policy that is full of menace. If the Mississippi Valley can draw upon government funds, while assuming no financial obligations itself, what is to prevent any district in the United States from claiming and receiving similar treatment in similar circumstances?" This is also the attitude of the *New Haven Register*, *Boston Transcript*, and *New York Evening Post*. As the *New York paper* explains:

"We feel that the placing of the entire cost upon the Government is unwise, not because there is anything unfair in this arrangement, but because it reduces the local interest in the best possible use of the money voted. As things stand, it will be easy to take the position that there is plenty of money available. With local contributions a necessary part of the total, there is likely to be a stricter watch over expenditures."



On the other hand, such papers as the *Washington Star*, *Manchester Union*, *Albany News*, and *Charlotte Observer*—Republican, Independent, and Democratic—believe that flood-control is a national problem, and should be paid for by the Government. This is also the view of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*, *Syracuse Herald*, *Houston Post-Dispatch*, and *Little Rock Arkansas Gazette*. As the *Boston Herald* points out:

"The arguments against the local assessment are easy to comprehend. The floods have stricken these communities, and it will take a long time for them to recover their prosperity. They are far below par, and ought not be asked to carry a load for which neither they nor any others of the people of the United States can be held accountable."

"The nation wants tax-reduction," admits the *Jersey City Journal*, "but it doesn't want it at the expense of another disastrous flood in the Mississippi Valley." "The calamitous effects of such disasters are crop shortages, unemployment, and industrial depression," notes the *Springfield Republican*. "Nor can such devastating floods be localized in their origins or their effects. They are felt in every State in the Union." Says the *Nashville Tennessean*:

"From the first, we have insisted that flood-relief and flood-control constituted a national problem. No one can seriously contend that control of the waters of the Mississippi basin is merely a local problem. Two-thirds of the States of the Union, with an area of 1,250,000 square miles directly contribute through their streams and their drainage systems, to the waters of the Mississippi."

In the opinion of the *Albany Knickerbocker Press*:

"The rehabilitation of the flooded regions is the greatest responsibility faced by the Government and the present Congress, and the future protection of this richly productive area is the soundest insurance the nation could invest in.

"No greater catastrophe has ever visited the nation than the raging flood-waters inflicted on the Mississippi region last year. Devastation, complete and appalling, was not confined to a single State or locality, but swept through a vast area in the heart of the nation. It will take years for the stricken States to recover fully from the loss and desolation suffered in those few terrible weeks. They must be protected from another such calamity at all costs."



SENATOR WILLIS'S POLITICAL LEGACY

SUCH IS THE STRENGTH of the "Ohio tradition" in Republican politics that no favorite son of the Buckeye State can be ignored, and Senator Frank B. Willis was the more conspicuous because he was giving Secretary Hoover his first real fight for delegates. So the death of Senator Willis, coming so suddenly and so shortly before the primary, leads to nation-wide wonder about its political effect. The most common conclusion, reached by both editors and political correspondents, is that Mr. Hoover is inevitably the gainer. But this is far from unanimous. In Senator Willis's own home town of Delaware, where he died as he was about to make a campaign speech, *The Ohio Gazette*, which pays him an eloquent tribute as "an earnest and honorable statesman," thinks that "only the future will divulge" the political significance of his untimely taking off. "A curious floundering of supposedly expert opinion" on the subject is noticed by the *Boston News Bureau*, and the *Boston Herald* observes that to come to any definite conclusion on the basis of the first comment on the death of Senator Willis "you must reconcile the apparently irreconcilable":

"The death of Senator Willis has probably injured the Hoover cause." "The Secretary of Commerce will undoubtedly be the beneficiary of the death of Senator Willis." "Watch Lowden from now on!" "Ohio can now be forgotten. The crucial battle will be in Indiana." "Ohioans will pay a tribute of affection to their lost leader by voting just as if he were living, and every vote for Willis will be a stinging reproach to the Hooverites." "The anti-Hoover forces will now center their efforts on Vice-President Dawes." And so you may pile up contradictory statements indefinitely."

In Ohio most of the newspapers content themselves at this time with paying tribute to Frank B. Willis as a man and a citizen. The *Dayton Journal* (Rep.) voices a universal sentiment in speaking of him as "big-hearted, intensely human, and lovable." A Republican paper supporting Hoover, the *Cincinnati Times-Star*, goes on to say that "the death of Senator Willis will probably give a number of additional delegates to the Secretary of Commerce; on the other hand, it has robbed him of an opportunity to make a spectacular display of strength with the voters on what was to have been the most important day of the preconvention campaign." One of the Scripps-Howard papers supporting Hoover, the *Toledo News-Bee*, reasons that as it is no longer a contest between a favorite son and a national figure, the Ohio voters "will give the victory to Hoover." Of course, contends the *Sandusky Register* (Rep.), the Senator's untimely death "will insure the Presidential vote of Ohio for Herbert Hoover."

It is now too late to change the form of the ballots for the Ohio primary on April 24, and so the names of both Willis and Hoover will appear on the preference ballot and the two slates of delegates will run pledged to their respective candidates. Col. Carmi A. Thompson, the leader of the Willis forces, declares that the legal status of the contest in Ohio is not changed. Moreover:

"The contest is for the preservation of the Republican party and for party government in the nation. It was for this principle that Senator Willis was courageously battling when he fell."

The Hoover leaders in Ohio are sharply assailed by the *Zanesville Times-Recorder* (Rep.): "There is little room for doubt that the amazing treachery and ingratitude of certain Ohio Republican would-be leaders who insisted on Senator Willis heading the State harmony program as the favorite son candidate for President, only to turn traitor and bitterly assail the cause and the candidate they sponsored and to whom they committed themselves, hastened the untimely end of the Senator's earthly career." After similarly attacking the Hoover supporters for entering the Ohio contest "without sufficient justification," the *Portsmouth Sun* (Rep.) takes a look ahead:

"It is our judgment that a very considerable majority of Willis delegates will be elected and be a part of that movement which will eventually result in the renomination of President Coolidge or the nomination of General Dawes. The Republicans of Ohio will be happy to see Mr. Coolidge the nominee. Failing that, they will be delighted to see General Dawes selected. They have known him since the McKinley days, and he offers no uncertain quantities."

The fact that a few days after the death of Mr. Willis the other Ohio Senator, Simeon D. Fess, was chosen as temporary chairman, and hence "key-noter" of the Kansas City convention, moves the *Lima Star* (Rep.) to make this interesting suggestion:

"Will he not deliver such a speech as to set the delegates on fire for no other than the dapper little United States Senator from Ohio who knows more about the economics of government than anybody else in America, and who, besides, was born in a log cabin here in Allen County, Ohio?"

The "anybody-but-Hoover" position is taken by the *Akron Beacon-Journal* (Rep.):

"The people of Ohio do not want to give the nomination for the highest office in the world to an internationalist, a man who in 1920 declared that he was 'for the League

of Nations lock, stock and barrel,' and who has never recanted. "Let us send to the convention a delegation which shall nominate a real American who is 'lock, stock and barrel' for nothing except the Constitution of the United States unamended and uncompromised by any weird conceptions of surrendering our sovereignty even for an hour into the hands of any other power upon earth—if not Calvin Coolidge then Charles Evans Hughes or Dawes or even Lowden. They all know that they are Republicans and they have it longer ago than 1920."

Turning to the country at large we find a host of papers in all parties and in all sections agreeing with the *Richmond Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) that "death has removed one of the most formidable obstacles in the road which Hoover must travel if he hopes to enter the White House." Of course, says the *Springfield Republican* (Ind.), the Hoover victory in Ohio will not mean what a victory over the living Willis would have meant, and "we must now look to Indiana, where the primary will be held May 10, for a test of Mr. Hoover's candidacy in the Middle West."

The eventual beneficiary, an Ohio correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune* points out, may be Vice-President Dawes, who was born in Ohio and who may ultimately receive the votes of Willis delegates in the convention, but the "immediate beneficiary is former Governor Lowden, who was named by thirty-four Willis candidates as second choice."



International Newareel photograph

"POLITICS KILLED HIM"

Said a fellow Senator when Senator Frank B. Willis died in his home town while campaigning for the Presidential nomination. Incidentally, his death preserves the party balance in the Senate, since he will be replaced by a Democrat, while the late Senator Ferris (Democrat) of Michigan has been succeeded by a Republican.

WHERE WE NOW STAND IN NICARAGUA

POLITICAL THIMBLE-RIGGING "of the most unscrupulous type," in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, is responsible for the recent vote of the Nicaraguan House of Deputies against the revised bill providing for American supervision of the coming Presidential elections. The bill had been modified at the Havana conference and approved by our State Department, and its rejection by the lower House in the turbulent republic "has given our policy a serious setback," thinks the Brooklyn *Eagle*, but a great many papers which support the Coolidge Administration agree that we must finish the job we started in Nicaragua. This has been made possible, or at least facilitated, by the action of President Diaz of Nicaragua, subsequent to the defiant action of the House. The present head of the Nicaraguan Government, in an executive decree, has invested our representative in that country, General McCoy, with full authority to supervise the elections. In an interview with Harold N. Denny, New York *Times* correspondent at Managua, President Diaz said, in part:

"I have felt all through my political life that the best interests of Nicaragua would be served by our working harmoniously with the United States, rather than in hostility to your country. For this reason I have usually been glad to cooperate with your Government.

"I understand, as do most students of international affairs, that the United States feels bound by the Monroe Doctrine to keep peace and order in the Western Hemisphere."

The United States, according to Washington dispatches, will carry out the promise made in the name of President Coolidge by Col. Henry L. Stimson, when the latter induced both sides in the Nicaraguan revolution to lay down their arms almost a year ago. The pledge was that the United States would see that a free and fair Presidential election is held in October. This promise of the President's personal representative is supported by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, which has gone on record as being against the withdrawal of our marine forces in Nicaragua. This Committee, of which Senator Borah is the chairman, takes the position that to withdraw would merely be to abandon the Liberals to the most reactionary elements of the Conservative group. As the Springfield *Union* explains:

"Altho intervention in Nicaragua was originally undertaken by the United States in behalf of the Conservative Government and against the rebellious Liberals, the defeat of the election bill has been brought about, not by the Liberals, but by the Conservatives headed by former President Chamorra. The rôles of the parties are completely reversed. The Conservatives are now those who are hostile to the United States' intervention, while the Liberals are those most ardently in favor of it.

"The reasons are not far to seek. The intervention of the United States in Nicaragua a year ago was welcomed by the Conservatives because it succeeded in keeping them in control of the Government under President Diaz. Had intervention continued on that basis, the Conservatives would probably find no objection to it, but under the terms of the Stimson agreement, subscribed to by both parties, a fair and impartial election under the supervision of the United States was arranged for.

"Inasmuch as governments in Nicaragua customarily are established, not as the result of honest balloting, but by force and, frequently, bloodshed, the Conservatives apprehend that in an election in which the usual methods are barred, they may be turned out of office. Self-interest, which prompted them to welcome intervention last year, prompts them to oppose it now."

"The decision of the United States to go through with a task it undertook last summer," remarks the Indianapolis *News*, "is, under the circumstances, the only one that could be made without a betrayal of good faith." This is also the opinion of the Detroit *Free Press*, which asks us to remember that in our own Presidential elections, the ballot boxes are guarded by the police in large cities. The Grand Rapids *Herald*, Oshkosh *Northwestern*, and Buffalo *Courier-Express* also admit that we must facilitate a fair expression of Nicaraguan opinion at the polls.

On the other hand, asks the Charleston *News and Observer*, "who will prophesy that the results of the supervised elections will be peacefully accepted?" In this paper's opinion:

"When the elections have been held under American military supervision, the Nicaraguans will have the greater pretext for resentment against the United States. 'What is the value of an election,' they will ask, 'held with your bayonets at our throats, against the strenuous protest of our Congress?'

"The United States will carry out its program; it will see Nicaragua through the October election, but it will broadcast seeds of other revolutions. Whatever party shall be defeated will lay the triumph of the other to orders from Washington."

"It is a pretty pickle we are in," the Omaha *World-Herald* is convinced. The refusal of the Conservative members of the Nicaraguan House to vote for the supervision of the October elections leads the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* to conclude that "the party we are backing, and for which we have gone to war with a part of the Nicaraguan people, is a hopeless minority." We had been led to believe, remarks the Minneapolis *Tribune*, "that the overwhelming majority of the Nicaraguans favored the Stimson agreement." But, it goes on, "since our distinct rebuff at the hands of the Nicaraguan House of Deputies, our present pose of disinterested friend and voluntary arbiter is growing more and more untenable." As the New York *World* summarizes the situation from the standpoint of the newspapers which criticize our presence in Nicaragua:

"We are said to wish to hold a fair election, and then get out of Nicaragua. But the time has passed when our desire for a fair election is a sufficient guaranty that we shall be able to withdraw our troops. We are not in Nicaragua now at the request of both parties. The Conservative party has refused to approve our supervision of the next election. Doggedly, we insist that we are going to supervise the next election anyway. It is perfectly certain what will happen if we do. The Conservative party will boycott the election. A Liberal Government will come into power by default. The Conservatives will denounce that Government as unconstitutional. There will be new attempts at a restoration of 'constitutional government' and more fighting. Instead of having brought peace to Nicaragua, we shall have brought another war. That war will inevitably endanger 'American lives and property.' The marines will stay in Nicaragua, this time to fight the battles of a Liberal Government instead of a Conservative Government.

"If the real policy of the Coolidge Administration is to ease this country gently into a complete domination of Nicaraguan affairs, under cover of talk of a fair election, then affairs are proceeding nicely, and could scarcely proceed any better. But if the real policy of the Coolidge Administration is to get out of Nicaragua and to restore popular government to the people—and for ourselves, we take Mr. Coolidge at his word—then our policy is taking us into a blind alley from which there is no exit save through continued military occupation."

As the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sees it, "we have seized a hot poker, which we find difficult to drop and disagreeable to hold." Continues the Cleveland daily:

"Our whole enterprise in Nicaragua has been clothed in diplomatic make-believe. Protesting our purpose not to intervene, we intervened. Pretending that our armed forces were in Nicaragua to protect American lives and property, we proceed to prop an unpopular native in the President's chair, to tell the Nicaraguans whom they may and whom they may not have to govern them. We chase a 'bandit' through the wilderness, at the cost of more American lives than the original intervention could have saved. Finally, we decide that an election six months away requires our supervision with rifles.

"Latin-American opportunities for American intervention are certain to recur from time to time, as they have in the past. The Monroe Doctrine gives us a particular rôle to play. That the policy in such cases needs clarification is amply demonstrated. Our whole course in Nicaragua is punctuated with question marks. Why did we go in; why do we stay; what authority—legal or moral—justifies our purpose; do we propose to continue in the future the same policy that sent us to Managua?

"The entire Western world has a right to know."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

REVISED version: to the victor belongs the oil.—*Asheville Times*.

THE greatest world figures are not preceded by dollar signs.—*Boston Herald*.

YOU'RE right, Mr. Borah; one rotteh egg doesn't spoil the whole dozen. But it does when they're scrambled.—*Newark Ledger*.

THE chemical constituents of a man are said to be worth 98 cents. Possibly it is that price which causes some women to run after them.—*Tampa Times*.

CHASING the greased elephant is going to be the king of sports this summer.—*Milwaukee Journal*.

POLITICS appears to be the only well-oiled machine that develops friction.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

MUCH is to be said on both sides of the average political question—especially the inside.—*Virginian-Pilot*.

"A COMFORTABLE gas-mask" is the War Department's gift to its country in a Presidential year.—*Detroit News*.

ANOTHER trouble with modern romance is that the time is too short between courtship and court.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

AND the pistols' red glare,
Bombs bursting in air
Give proof through the night
That Chicago's still there.
—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

THERE are more than 200,000 useless words in the English language, which probably accounts for a lot of the college yells.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

A THOUSAND more marines will be sent to Nicaragua to help the 2,700 already there put down a so-called guerrilla chief with a so-called handful of followers.—*St. Louis Star*.

THE lobby's zero value is shown by the fact that all the lobbyists in Washington could not thwart unanimous passage by the Senate of an antilobbying bill.—*Weston Leader*.

MAYOR THOMPSON has got McAndrew "ousted" only about two months after Mac's term of office ended, so perhaps by next year he will get King George III dethroned.—*Tampa Tribune*.

A CHICAGO judge estimates that there are 350,000 persons in this country who make a living by crime. Which seems to indicate that the wages of sin are misrepresented.—*San Diego Union*.

WE have often thought if Sandino would arm his men with teapots instead of rifles he could arrive at a settlement with the American authorities for a better form of Government for Nicaragua.—*Dodge (N. D.) Dispatch*.

THE latest adaptation of the turning of swords into plowshares is found in the use by Idaho farmers of 1,500,000 pounds of high explosive manufactured during the war to clear 6,000 acres of land of stumps.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

ANOTHER thing that makes it a little difficult to accept the straw votes taken at the colleges as a true index of serious public sentiment, even when they come out our way, is that quite a few scattering ballots are generally cast for Aimee Semple McPherson, H. L. Mencken, and Mayor Bossy Gillis of Newburyport, Massachusetts.—*Ohio State Journal*.

THE last two might be called Mr. Coolidge's declining years.—*Publishers Syndicate*.

NICARAGUA might get rid of the marines by enacting an alien exclusion law.—*Lynchburg News*.

JUST so the Nicaraguans do not send a delegation to the United States to study some of our election methods.—*Charles-ton Mail*.

IT is hardly likely that any film feature will be built around Teapot Dome during the reign of the present movie czar.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

IF Lindbergh is really anxious to retire from the hero business, he should marry.—*Wall Street Journal*.

A DEMOCRAT's idea of good prospects of winning in a Presidential year is a ghost of a chance.—*Ohio State Journal*.

MEDFORD, Mass., reports a manhole cover stolen. Somebody must have needed a spare wheel.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

REMEMBER, girls, in seeking your model husband, there are two models, sport and working.—*Council Bluffs Nonpareil*.

NOW is the time for a good Red Menace, or something, to come to the aid of the party with a domestic oil scandal on its hands.—*Detroit News*.

MUSSOLINI now has abolished every Chamber of Commerce in Italy.

Too many other after-dinner speakers?—*Brooklyn Times*.

WE have often heard of enough money to choke an elephant. There is a chance that Mr. Sinclair's \$160,000 will do the trick in 1928.—*Nashville Banner*.

"ITALY's King May Quit Throne."—*W. G. N.* Italy's king quit the throne some time ago, but he's just finding it out.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A HUNTINGTON, West Virginia, paper carries its stock-market reports in its sports section, which may not be entirely misleading.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce*.

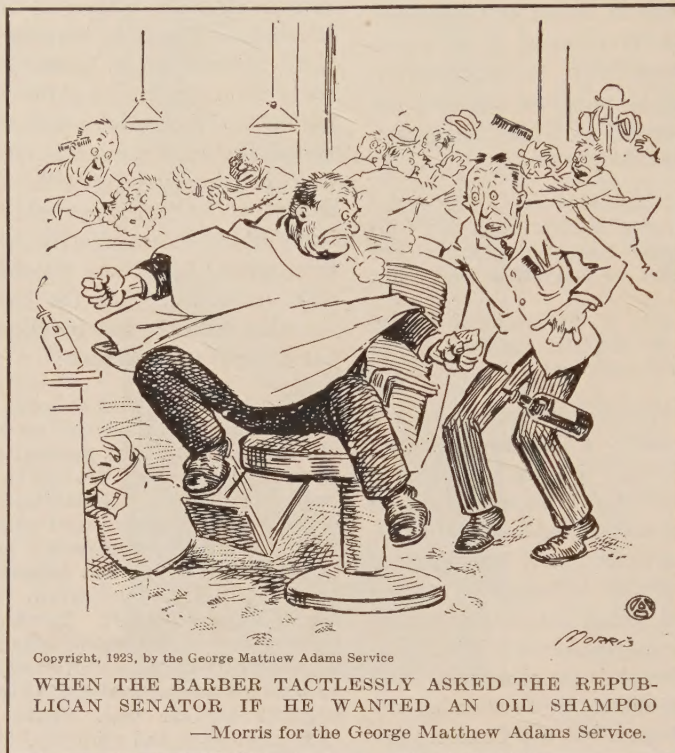
NOVA PICTORIS, a star first discerned in South Africa in 1925, appears to have split in two. This may indicate that 1928 is election year among the New Pictorials also.—*New York Evening Post*.

AMONG those who are in favor of Senator Borah's plan to return the \$160,000 contributed to the Republican campaign of 1920 by Harry F. Sinclair is Mr. Sinclair himself.—*Seattle Times*.

THE Dominion Bureau of Statistics has announced that American tourists spent \$105,771,000 in Canada last year, and even Pussyfoot Johnson would have to admit there aren't that many postcards in Canada.—*New York Evening Post*.

THE Bishop of St. Albans is needlessly alarmed, we feel, over the possibility that television will invade the privacy of his bathroom. While tastes are at their present level there will be little or no public for bathing bishops.—*The New Yorker*.

WELL, we see the Federal Prohibition bureau is already sending trusted men to Kansas City and Houston to prepare to protect, if possible, the great political conventions that are going to declare for strict-law observance and enforcement from patronizing the bootleggers.—*Ohio State Journal*.



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WHEN THE BARBER TACTLESSLY ASKED THE REPUBLICAN SENATOR IF HE WANTED AN OIL SHAMPOO
—Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service.

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE NEW ANGLO-EGYPTIAN CRISIS

EGYPT'S REJECTION OF THE Anglo-Egyptian Treaty has brought about a new crisis in Anglo-Egyptian relations. The rejected pact was negotiated by Sarwat Pasha, the Egyptian Premier, and Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and an immediate effect of its failure was the resignation of Premier Sarwat Pasha, who is succeeded by Nahas Pasha, a violent Nationalist. According to Cairo press dispatches, the Egyptian Government challenges Great Britain's position in Egypt in a strong note to London in which it refuses to admit the following British claims: 1. That Great Britain is responsible for the defense of Egypt. 2. That because of the foregoing "pretext," Great Britain can interfere with the legislative or executive branches of the Egyptian Government. The publication of the papers regarding the still-born Anglo-Egyptian Treaty, observes the *London Daily Chronicle*, showed quite plainly why the Nationalists vetoed it. It was on no subtle ground, this newspaper claims, no question of a little less here and a little more there, such as ordinarily occupies negotiators. The Nationalists' objection was that the draft did not provide for the immediate and unqualified removal from Egypt of the British occupying troops, it is asserted by this journal, which continues:

"Such a removal no British Cabinet, of whatever party, could sanction; and to make it a motive for rejecting an Anglo-Egyptian settlement is, on the Egyptian side, to sacrifice all practical advantages to the pursuit of a shadow. . .

"The case, however, is one for patience and not for heroics. Egyptians are a highly emotional Oriental people; and while we discount their petulances, we should, wherever possible, spare their feelings. The weak spot in Great Britain's past handling of them was lack of sympathy; and if we have since shown more considerateness, we must be careful not to cease doing so."

England offered Egypt a treaty that confirmed Egypt's independent status, within the limits of British unescapable obligations in that country, remarks the *London Daily Express*, and opened up every prospect of harmonious cooperation between the two nations. Following the rejection of the treaty, this newspaper goes on to say, the British Foreign Office felt obliged to recall the Egyptian Government to some sense of fundamental facts, and it adds:

"There are at least four of these facts which must always govern British policy, whatever Government is in power either in London or in Cairo.

"1. We can not have the security of the Suez Canal left to chance, or divide with anybody the duty of protecting it.

"2. We must continue to organize and direct the defense of Egypt against outside aggression.

"3. We are charged with, and can not relinquish, the obligation to safeguard foreign interests in Egypt.

"4. Controlling the Sudan, we must always have an effective say in the policies of Egypt.

"So long as they take their stand on these four unalterable axioms of Anglo-Egyptian relationship, the British Government can not do wrong. To weaken on any one of them is to invite a chaos of uncertainty that would be even more fatal to Egyptian than to British interests. The permanent factors that have long ago determined the main lines of the Anglo-Egyptian connection are to be sought in history, geography, and the stern necessities of the British Empire."

The *London Daily News* and *Westminster Gazette* hopes that the extreme Egyptian Nationalists will learn wisdom, or that, if they do not, a future Egyptian Parliament will be less under their control than the present one. Meanwhile, it avers:

"From the Egyptian point of view it is a serious misfortune that as the result of these transactions Sarwat Pasha has been driven to resign his position as Prime Minister. We see no reason why he should have been thrown over, for he has presumably done the best he could for his Nationalist friends, and they can not reasonably hold him responsible for the result. Moreover, if all

the able men in Egypt successively declined the responsibility of governing the country, or if they had to report that their position was rendered impossible by Nationalist factions, the very real measure of independence which Egypt enjoys in spite of the reserved questions would again be in peril. We would urge the large number of serious and sensible Egyptian Nationalists, who deplore the course of events, to take more active steps to resist the extremists. If, as our Cairo correspondent suggests they are trying to do, the wilder spirits use the occasion to provoke a recurrence of violent agitation, the cause of Egyptian independence will be betrayed not by the dictatorial British, but by the unintelligent obstinacy of a handful of Egyptian fanatics."

The draft treaty of alliance, as the *London Times* calls it, consisted of fourteen articles and an annex, and among the provisions cited are the following:

"The British Government will, subject to the provisions of the Covenant of the League of Nations, come to the aid of Egypt in the event of any attack or act of aggression against her.

"The Egyptian Government to carry out the instruction and training of the Egyptian Army in accordance with the methods of the British Army.

"Great Britain to have the right to maintain on Egyptian



THE IMPERTURBABLE GUARDIAN SPHINX

"Political fly-time again on the banks of the Nile, with the usual results."

—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

territory such armed forces as the British Government considers necessary for the protection of the lines of communication of the British Empire.

"The question of localities in which the forces are to be stationed to be reconsidered after ten years, and in the event of failure to reach agreement on the point the question may be submitted to the Council of the League of Nations.



"The British Government to use all its influence with the Powers possessing Capitulatory rights in Egypt to obtain a modification of the régime.

"The British Government to use its good offices for the admission of Egypt to the League of Nations.

"Great Britain to be represented at the Egyptian Court by an Ambassador, who will be granted precedence over all other foreign representatives.

"Article 12 provides that nothing in the treaty shall affect the rights and obligations which devolve, or may devolve, on either of the parties under the Covenant of the League of Nations."

Mustafa Pasha Nahas, the new Egyptian Premier, we learn from the Cairo correspondent of *The Times*, was President of the Chamber and is leader of the Wafd, the Nationalist party, and to this British journalist he said, on taking over his new duties at the Cabinet office, the following:

"I have always been of the opinion, even in the darkest moments, when I was at Aden and in the Seychelles, that the day would come when Great Britain and Egypt would reach an agreement. That day will come, sooner or later, according to circumstances and according to the dispositions of the two countries. But in my opinion an eventual accord is inevitable. In my capacity as head of the Government and leader of the majority, I can affirm that the Egyptian people's disposition toward Great Britain and the idea of agreement are still good, but that everything depends on the disposition of Great Britain herself.

"It is to the interest of the two countries that there should be an entente, but the important point is its basis. The safeguarding of the interests of foreigners in general and of Great Britain in particular is not incompatible with the independence of Egypt, provided that we remain within the limit of that safeguard. Egypt has never been part of the British Empire, and the fact that she finds herself on the route to India does not mean that she is thereby deprived of her independent position. The rôles must not be inverted, and it must not be said that it is Great Britain who is the master who gives. Our independence is a natural right which belongs to us; we desire to treat with Great Britain on the same footing of equality, and as friend to friend. The best safeguard for Great Britain's interests is a confident friendship and an independent and strong Egypt. Our sincere friendship is the best guaranty which Great Britain could seek."

The twenty-odd millions of electors in England, says the Manchester *Guardian*, would do well if not to write the word Egypt on

their hearts at least to give it a place in their intelligent interest, for the truth is that the relation of England to Egypt and its people constitutes one of the gravest as well as most difficult of Britain's problems outside the British Isles. The declared program of the Nationalist party, or Wafd, as stated by Zaghlul Pasha during his lifetime and long ascendancy, we are then told; and as inherited by Nahas, is entirely uncompromising, and demands nothing less than the complete withdrawal of the British troops from Egyptian soil, together with that of the High Commissioner and the British Financial and Judicial Advisers, and the acknowledgment of the unconditional sovereignty of Egypt over the Sudan. But, *The Guardian* goes on to say:

"The Wafd leaders know as well as everybody else that the complete withdrawal of British protection is as little to be desired by Egypt as it is to be expected, and that Egypt, deprived of all assistance, would be exposed to far more dangerous and unwelcome interference than any to be looked for from this country. It is not for nothing that Signor Mussolini's name has become one of dread to all the weaker Mediterranean States.

"There is not the least reason to expect a fresh outbreak of violence from the formation of a Nationalist Government. The last disorders—the murders of British officers culminating in that of the Sirdar, Sir Lee Stack, and the futile rebellion of Egyptian forces in the Sudan—were all directed toward compelling the withdrawal of the British Administration from the Sudan. They totally failed and, on the contrary, brought about the expulsion of all purely Egyptian elements from the Sudan occupying force and the tightening up of the British administration of the Sudan.

"The question of the Sudan hardly entered into the recent negotiations. Sarwat from the first expressly disavowed any intention of raising it. The agreement merely regularized the status quo as declared after the disturbances in 1924, and it was agreed that the interests of both sides would best be promoted by the continuance of their joint sovereignty in the Sudan."



A RUSSIAN SLAM AT BRITAIN

"How England discusses matters with Egypt."

—Izvestia (Moscow).

THE PARIS OF VANISHING LANDMARKS

THE "NEVER-FINISHED CITY," a phrase often satirically applied to New York, forms an example seemingly for some of the foreign elder sisters of the American metropolis. The modernization of London, for instance, is a frequent topic in the British press, especially in the illustrated sections, and now attention is called to the march of progress in Paris which involves the disappearance of some world-famous landmarks in the French capital. The Paris of our forefathers is passing, writes Mr. H. Routh of the Paris staff of the *London Daily Telegraph*, and those who would know the Paris of romance and history must hurry with their cameras and sketch-books. The capital is changing more rapidly than at any time within the past century, he relates, but whether for better or worse is a matter of opinion. According to this informant—

"Poets and artists, with their instinctive loathing of standardization, will certainly say the change is for the worse, the business men, progressive municipal councilors, and those people who can get a thrill of satisfaction from the reports of sanitary committees will no doubt feel that the old city is making splendid progress along the path of civic righteousness.

"True, Notre Dame, the Conciergerie, the Musée de Cluny, and the Louvre are still with us; but Notre Dame may soon feel rather lonely, like an old lady whose only living relations and companions are her great-grandchildren. Old Saint Eustache looks from her southern windows upon the bustling and vociferous world of the Central Markets, but she still finds some comfort on her northern flank in the warren of old and narrow streets that she has known for centuries. Progress has now invaded this and Paris is to lose, among other things, the last of her old coaching inns, the 'Compas d'Or.'

"Situated in the Rue Montorgueil, this inn has looked upon centuries of travel. From its cobbled yard cloaked and booted cavaliers once set forth on high adventure, plumes nodding in their wide-brimmed hats and greased swords lying dangerously loose in their scabbards. Coaches swung out somehow into the narrow street in which a modern motor-car can hardly turn, and with a brave flourish of horn and whip rattled over the rough stones to face the many perils of the road.

"At present the courtyard of this ancient inn presents one of the most striking contrasts to be found in the whole of Paris, for its vast shed, in itself a beautiful specimen of sixteenth-century wooden architecture, now shelters motor-cars undergoing repair instead of the old stage-coaches. Mechanics in blue overalls bustle about it with spanners, pumps, and tire levers, while the shades of departed hostlers look wonderingly down from a rickety wooden balcony and hayloft.

"But the good smell of horses still pervades the place; there is still the old litter of straw and spilled fodder, and in the stables which adjoin the wooden shed the light of old-fashioned candle and hurricane lamps reveals horses comfortably stalled in places that apparently have not changed at all since the days when they sheltered post-horses. For, in addition to serving as a garage, the old courtyard and stables still afford a resting-place for the horses which draw the rumbling market carts into Les Halles while Paris is asleep."

The disappearance of this old posting inn, and of a whole section of narrow streets and houses with a history in its neighborhood, Mr. Routh then tells us, will be but one of a score of losses that lovers of old Paris must shortly deplore. Yet he admits that even those who look with a sentimental regret upon the passing of these old places are bound to acknowledge that the changes are really needed in many cases. Notre Dame has looked down for centuries upon a human hive, he says, that this twentieth century could not tolerate without incurring the reproach of the idealists who, as they built their great cathedral, were bent on expressing in stone all that was noblest in the spirit of their time, and we read:

"They, who knew nothing of the unseen perils which Koch and Pasteur brought to human knowledge, took measures against evil according to their lights by setting a guard of gargoyles about their sanctuary. It is because our twentieth century is setting its guard against evil that Notre Dame must soon see to south, east, and west of her masses of ancient property giving place to build-

ings which will be as strange to her as a brood of ducklings to a foster-mother hen.

"She herself is not to suffer in the process, for, on the contrary, she is to be given more breathing-space in this bustling crowded heart of Paris, in which every inch of room is worth what it would cost to cover it in gold. For Paris is finding room for gardens to set about the finest jewel in her architectural diadem."

Mr. Routh goes on to remark that not far away at the corner of the Quai de Conti and the Rue de Nevers is a house which surely deserves a better fate than the destruction to which it has been doomed. The reason is, we are told, that here in 1785 the sixteen-year-old lieutenant of artillery, Napoleon Bonaparte, settled to lead a frugal and studious life in a modest fifth-floor room, from one window of which he could look directly upon the cathedral which was to witness his coronation. Mr. Routh informs us further that:

"We have already lost another relic of his impecunious days, the café 'La Tranquillité,' near the Bourse, in which, in 1795, while he was a poor unemployed general, he often sought an hour of warmth and light, and even when he could not afford to order refreshments was hospitably welcomed by the Corsicans who owned it.

"Laure Permon, the twelve-year-old daughter of the proprietor, had reason to remember the pale, fragile-looking young man whose big riding boots contrasted so strongly with his physique that she irreverently dubbed him 'Puss in Boots.' Tho sometimes she laughed at him, the lonely young soldier appreciated her honest friendliness, for later, when 'Puss in Boots' was master of most of Europe, he gave the girl a dowry of 100,000 francs and 40,000 francs for a trousseau. Her husband, from being simply a militia man, was shot up to the rank of brigadier-general, and became in course of time the Duc d'Abrantès. But exactly forty-three years after her meeting with Bonaparte, the café-keeper's daughter, who became a duchess, died a pauper.

"Some of the greatest changes have taken place on the Grands Boulevards. The prewar visitor in search of old haunts here will encounter many disappointments. Many of the famous old cafés have disappeared, to give place to banks and blocks of business premises. The old Café Anglais is no more; a new cinema hall stands on the site of the Vaudeville which made so much theatrical history, and booklovers will look in vain for the old Passage de l'Opera, for that bibliophiles' retreat was swept out of existence in the cutting of the last portion of the Boulevard Haussmann."

AN AFTERTHOUGHT ON JAPAN'S ELECTION—The political situation in Japan remains as unstable as before the recent election, which has been already noted in these pages, because the strength of the Government and the Opposition are equal. This is the opinion of those Japanese journals which hold that public opinion really supports the Government. However, as the Tokyo *Yorodzu* sees it—

"The political world is inconstant, and it is subject to unexpected change. Hence doubt arises and political life is replete with danger. Consequently the situation is as unstable as ever, and unrest induces the nation to allege that another election must be held.

"The Tanaka [Conservative] Government has succeeded in appeasing the unprecedented monetary panic, but this is its only merit. It ventured to dissolve the House of Representatives and maintain the positive policy, but it had no recourse other than to adopt the budget prepared by the Wakatsuki Ministry. In these circumstances, the Tanaka Government has been prevented from carrying its policies into practice. It is unpleasant to see a government collapse before it proceeds with its declared policies, and we hope, with this idea in view, that the present Government will be supported so that it may realize its schemes. We believe that this desire is reasonable, because it has emerged victorious over the Opposition, even tho by a slight margin.

"The Minseito [Liberal Oppositionists] will probably undertake to harass the Government by a no-confidence resolution, but we have to be frank with the Opposition and persuade it to be magnanimous. The Minseito has to bear in mind that the two-party system has been established. It ought to be indulgent with its opponents and let them put their policies into execution. If the Minseito allows itself to indulge in a struggle for power regardless of its duties, it will be distrusted by the public."

BRITISH "FEMALE SUPREMACY"

DIE-HARDS AND REACTIONARIES in Britain hold in dread the Equal Franchise bill, commonly known as the "Flapper Vote bill," we are told, which, by the most nearly unanimous vote in the life of the present Parliament, has passed the second reading in the House of Commons. The outstanding feature of the bill, apparently, is that it grants Parliamentary votes to women as soon as they reach the age of twenty-one, instead of thirty, as at present. Only ten votes were recorded against the bill, according to the press, and these are said to have been cast by Die-hard insurgents within the Conservative party, which is responsible for the introduction of the measure. Brig.-Gen. Sir George Cockerill, a Conservative who offered an amendment that the House decline to accord second reading to the bill, is quoted in London press dispatches as denying in the House that he is either a Die-hard or a reactionary, but declared that "the bill means women voters will become the determining factor in British politics, and, unless a balance is somehow restored, women will be in a position of absolute supremacy." The Flapper Vote bill, if it is enacted, we read in one of Lord Rothermere's journals, the *London Daily Mail* (Ind.), "will put the political destinies of this country definitely and for all time in the hands of the female sex," and it is further alleged that:

"When the new women voters have been added to the register, the Parliamentary electorate of Great Britain will consist of 12,250,000 men and 14,500,000 women, making a total of 26,750,000 voters out of a population (of all ages) of only 45,000,000. About 5,240,000 women will get votes under the Government's bill. Of these, according to official estimates, no fewer than 1,590,000 will be of ages from 21 to 25."

It is pointed out by various English newspapers, and among them the *London Daily Chronicle* (Lib.), that a large number of women will receive two or more votes under the Equal Franchise bill, and it is further stated that:

"This is the result of the amended section one (c), which entitles a person to a vote if 'he or she is the husband or wife of a person entitled to be registered in respect of a business premises qualification.'

"Thus the wife of a man who has business premises, and a vote, in the city will also have a vote in the city. So, too, will a husband benefit if his wife has a 'business premises vote.' But, of course, a person may not, at a General Election, vote in more than one constituency on a residential qualification, and in more than one on a business qualification."

Adverting to the fact that the bill will give women voters preponderance over the men, *The Daily Chronicle* observes:

"We do not view this great addition to the electorate with any concern in respect of sex. We have noticed that at all recent elections candidates have specially appealed to women in regard to the great questions of peace and economy. But Liberals at least will never forget that a larger electorate, throwing great responsibilities on more people, also throws new responsibilities on Parliament. It becomes increasingly its business to see that a nation which is to govern itself should be fitted for its task by the best possible education."

Many of the arguments used against this new measure, remarks another Liberal newspaper, *The Daily News and Westminster Gazette*, were used against the idea of granting the vote to women at any age. The fears which were then expressed have proved to be baseless, it is declared, and some of them have not had even the modicum of foundation that was expected. It is still surprising that so few women find their way to Westminster, this journal goes on to say, and adds:

"Women have a certain contribution to make to the government of the country and to our social evolution. Up to the present, in spite of a heavy voting power, they appear to have preferred to exercise their influence as indirectly as they did before they possess the suffrage. To the timid, in need of reassurance, this should be instructive. But to most people it should have been and should be sufficient that the way of justice being clear, the vote should be given to all adults on equal terms."

A war between the sexes is not looked for by that famous Independent-Conservative London organ, *The Morning Post*, which asserts that it has never indulged in the favorite speculation as to what party the great host now to be enfranchised will support. But it has deprecated the extension, we read, on the more general and higher ground that there is a danger to the efficiency and reputation of popular government in one vast enlargement of the electorate following close upon the heels of another. This daily then says:

"A democracy can only be educated by the experienced teaching the ignorant, and we do not desire to see the classes enlarged beyond the powers of the pedagog. We have never thought it part of the danger that the woman thus enfranchised should establish a feminist autocracy in this country and hold the male under her political thumb. Attempts will probably be made to organize a feminist party, and reduce politics to a war between the sexes; but as this goes against nature (and British common sense), we hope it will fail. A sex war, like a class war, would be dividing a house against itself, and setting in opposition what Providence and nature plainly intended to be one. Those interests and instincts which unite sex and sex are infinitely stronger and deeper than the artificial antagonisms which tend to divide them, and will, we do not doubt, prove victorious. Woman, we hope, like man, will vote not as a sex but as a citizen, and will forget the he and she in the transcending issue of the common weal."

Recalling that the 1908 Act gave the vote only to women over thirty, a Laborite organ, the *London Daily Herald*, rejoices that "the final iniquity" of this discrimination against women is to go, and we read:

"A few Die-hards scream shrilly that a woman in her twenties (albeit a wage-earner or the mother of a family) is an irresponsible 'flapper.' But this futile uproar matters little. The bill almost certainly will pass.

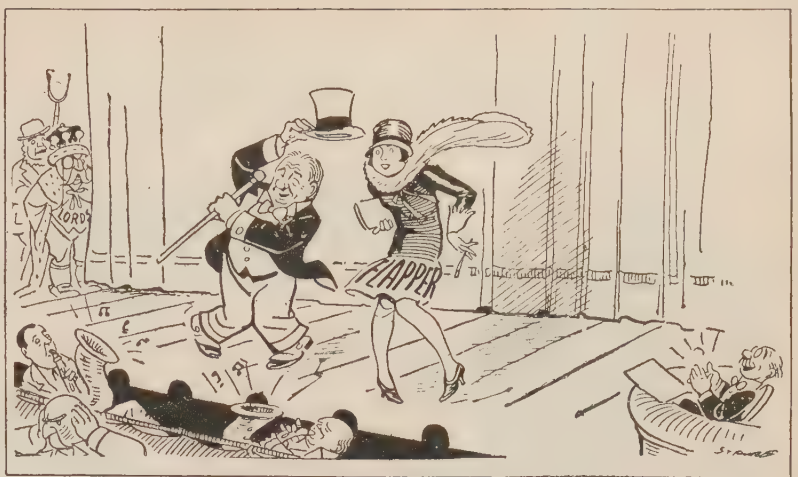
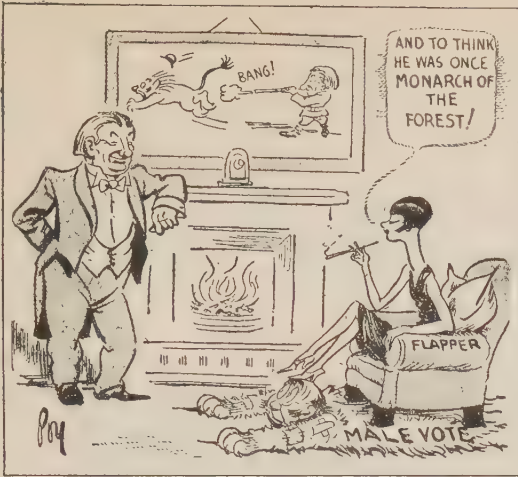
"When it does pass, we of the Labor party may, above all others, congratulate the suffrage fighters (whether 'gettes' or 'gists') on the issue of the long battle. For through it all the Labor party was with them. Tories and Liberals were split into 'pros' and 'antis.' Labor was solidly and consistently 'pro.'

"But tho we may congratulate them and ourselves, we must not overlook the fact that in abolishing one franchise anomaly, the bill confirms and reenacts another. The abolition of Plural Voting was voted twenty years ago by an enormous majority in the House of Commons. Its enactment was one of the promised first-fruits of the Parliament Act. But it still (albeit in a limited form) exists, and this new bill will actually increase its extent. The principle of one person, one vote, still needs to be vindicated before the Parliamentary franchise of this country can be regarded as genuinely democratic."

Calling attention to the fact that Liberal and Labor "champions of democracy" are raising shouts of protest against the clauses in the Equal Franchise bill by which in certain circumstances women have a plural vote, the *London Sunday Times* declares flatly that a great deal of nonsense can be talked and is talked about the principle of "one man, one vote." In the judgment of this journal—

"There is only one principle at stake—the principle of representative government—and that is a principle that can not be honestly served without a certain amount of plural voting. Precisely the same people who call for 'one man, one vote,' call equally hotly for representative government. Instead of pausing to reflect that the two things are incompatible, they have allowed themselves to be intoxicated by a slogan.

"The proposition could hardly be simpler. A person—whether man or woman makes no difference—living in one area and having business premises in another has an obvious right to a vote in both. In the fortunes of both he holds a practical and personal stake. If, therefore, he is denied a voice in one on the ground that he already has a voice in another, the constituency in which he is denied a voice is misrepresented in Parliament. The thing is self-evident. Representative Government can not be secured by rigid adherence to the rule of 'one man, one vote.' Exceptions must be made in certain cases where they are called for in the interests of justice. It is for such cases, and only for such, that the plurality provisions of the new bill provide."



STILL HAVING THE LAST WORD

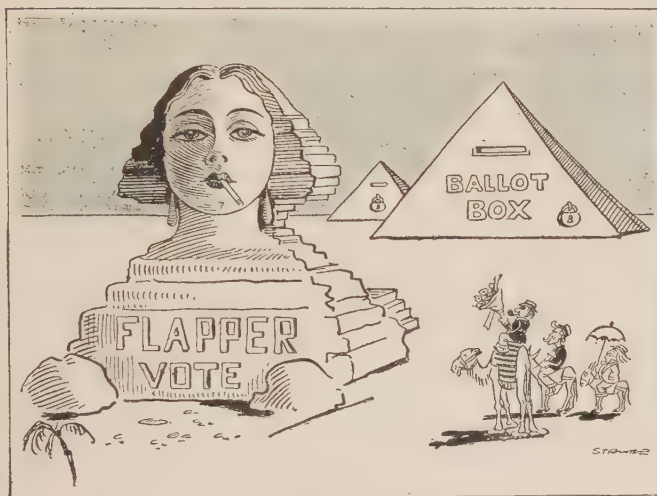
If the franchise to women is extended as proposed, it is estimated that the male voting power will be in the minority of 2,500,000 votes.

—The Daily Mail (London).

A VARIATION ON A SONG FROM "THE GIRL FRIEND"

"Isn't she cute? Isn't she sweet? She's gentle and mentally nearly complete, She's a knockout, she's regal, her beauty's illegal—she's the Girl Friend! Take her to dance and take her to tea, it's stunning how cunning this lady can be. A look at this vision will cause a collision—she's the Girl Friend."

—The Daily Express (London).



THE RIDDLE OF THE MINX

—The Daily Express (London).



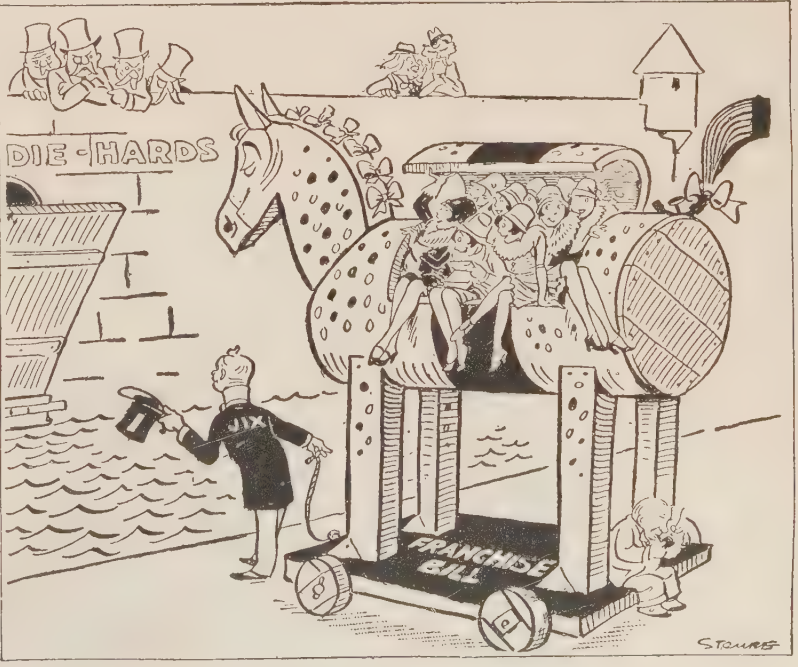
ECLIPSING THE MAN IN THE MOON

—The Daily Chronicle (London).



"O, MIGHTY CAESAR, DOST THOU LIE SO LOW?"

—The Evening News (London).



BRITAIN'S WOODEN HORSE OF TROY

—The Daily Express (London).

AS BRITISH CARTOONISTS SEE A MAJORITY OF 2,500,000 WOMEN VOTERS

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



STARCH FACTORY WRECKED BY AN EXPLOSION OF STARCH DUST

"It is estimated from census figures that twenty-eight thousand plants in the United States, employing over a million persons and with an annual production of ten billion dollars, are subject to the hazard of dust explosions."

EXPLOSIVE DUST

MOST OF US FIND IT DIFFICULT to take the life-insurance agent's warning very seriously, says an editorial writer in *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York). "You may be next," says he; but even as we nod assent, our optimistic egos reassure us with the remoteness of the chance. Yet he may be right. As with individuals, so with industries. Probably no thought is farther from the minds of the owners and operators of plants than the possibility of fatal and devastating dust explosions. This natural reluctance to visualize oneself as the victim can be reduced only by patiently pointing out the danger, and by disseminating authentic information concerning the causes of such disasters. The writer proceeds:

"That efforts in this direction are fruitful is testified by the recent adoption of standard codes for the prevention of dust explosions in grain elevators and flour and feed mills by the American Engineering Standards Committee, an action which must be attributed largely to the investigations and educational efforts made by the Bureau of Chemistry.

"The same blithe confidence in our own security is the factor which makes a disaster necessary in order to bring home a lesson. Thus, apparently, no one had considered coal-tar pitch a dangerous substance to handle until, on January 14, 1927, a dust explosion destroyed the French bark, *Richelieu*, which

was being loaded with the material by mechanical loading trimmers with open motors, while open flame torches were used for light by the stevedores. The circumstances surrounding the explosion were called to mind by the recent decision of the U. S. District Court for Maryland in favor of the F. J. Lewis Manufacturing Company, producers of coal-tar products, and defendant in the suit brought by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad which hauled the pitch to tide-water and loaded the ship. The court rules that the manufacturer was not liable, since he exercised no supervision over the loading, had no knowledge of the nature of the trimmers used, and since, apparently, no one had previously considered pitch a dangerous substance to handle by the same methods used for coal. The eminent experts for all parties in the case, however, established the fact that pitch dust is apt to explode when brought in contact with open flames or exposed electrical contacts, the great danger from the latter being due to arcing caused by the congealing of pitch thereon.

"In view of such unforeseen catastrophes, it seems not amiss to sound the 'you may be next' warning to those industries in which dust may be a danger. It is estimated from census

figures that twenty-eight thousand plants in the United States, employing over a million persons and with an annual production of ten billion dollars, are subject to the hazard of dust explosions—a nice list of prospects, as our insurance friends would say. But in this case, the best insurance is prevention, by extended studies of hazards, research into the cause and the education of industry to a better appreciation of the dust menace."



Illustrations by courtesy of *Chemical and Metallurgical Engineering* (New York)

PYROXYLIN-DUST EXPLOSION IN DETROIT—28 LIVES LOST

WHY NOT GROW DRUGS?

A DRUG GARDEN—which may also be a beautiful flower-garden—is recommended for the druggist's back yard by Dr. F. B. Kilmer, who has a notable one of his own at his home in New Brunswick, New Jersey. His directions, and his attractive and poetic characterizations of flowers and herbs, are of interest not only to his pharmaceutical brethren, but to many others who have garden space to cultivate, small tho it may be. Writing in *The Druggists' Circular* (New York), he says:

"A druggist who has a back yard can find in it a mine from which satisfaction and well-being may be derived. My suggestion is that, whenever possible, the druggist shall turn his back yard into a place where drug plants are cultivated. This, not with a view to profit, but as a 'garden sport.'

"In the continental countries, in days past, the apothecaries' gardens were the source of supply for medicinal drug plants.

of medicinal plants involves less labor than is necessary in a flower or vegetable plot.

"All-important is the labeling of the plants. When the plants carry the name and a legend telling what they are, they become a revelation.

"Since man has walked the earth, the herbs of the fields, woods, and gardens have been used to nourish him and to cure his ills; they are innumerable in name and kind. As they grow in the back yard they yield beauty, sweet odors, and arouse interest.

"A list of the plants which the druggist can grow in his back yard would make a florist's catalog. I have compiled a list of medicinal plants, suited to our climate, which runs well above two hundred. This list comprises plants with a showing of flowers and foliage, climbing plants, and plants that grow on rocks, shrubs, bushes, and trees. In making the selection, the guiding principle has been to choose plants of either acknowledged or legendary medicinal value."

Many medical plants; Dr. Kilmer goes on to say, carry an en-



Courtesy of F. B. Kilmer

"LEGIONS OF DRUG PLANTS CAN BE GROWN IN THE BACK YARD"

"Each carrying lore, legend, myth and poetry; each giving beauty, joy and rest to the body, and uplift to the soul."

Even in these days, some of the finest drug specimens come from this source.

"Many of our American pharmacists pride themselves upon their flower gardens, maintained at times with a considerable expenditure of labor and of money. Why not grow drugs? Looked upon as a sport, drug-growing is not costly. A modest outlay for seeds and plants, plus the labor, the latter to be charged to recreation, is all there is to the outlay.

"In digging away among the drug plants, cut rates, narcotic acts, Volstead regulations, and the perplexities of business are forgotten, and the man with the hoe emerges refreshed and with a new and brighter outlook on life. The scheme gives something different—a something that carries with it beauty and oddity.

"Drug plants have through the ages carried legends and lore. Each plant has an entrancing story, is enmeshed in a romantic halo. In the drug garden, one is delving in the higher things of life. The drug garden can be made a show place. The show will be so out of the ordinary as to attract marked attention.

"Many flowers from drug plants are of marked beauty. Drug plants grown in pots can be made into an attractive show.

"Drug-gardening tasks are moderately easy. The money outlay is small, and the expenditure of labor is akin to a round of golf. A plot of any size can be utilized. Many drug plants thrive in poor soil; some of them seek the shade, others like the sunshine. The greater number of drug plants are perennial, and are hardy even in our Northern States.

"Many drug plants can be found growing wild in the fields and woods about us, and these need only be transplanted to the backyard. A small number of herbs are annuals to be grown from seed. The cultivation of the drug garden consists in the main of keeping down the weeds. Many of the plants will require little or no attention and, at the most, the cultivation

trancing story ages old. This gives an inspiration to the gardener and interests the visitor. The "stories" behind the plants might be turned into propaganda to enhance the grower's reputation as a learned man. Picking a few, from the many on the list, we have:

"Aconite is called monkshood, because of the likeness of its sepals to the monk's cowl; by its virulence it is known as wolfsbane. The stately aconite, with its beautiful blue flowers, is among our finest ornamental plants. In medicine, it is a valuable analgesic and a cardiac depressant.

"The foxglove, in whose spotted flowers the fairies have ever delighted to dwell—our digitalis, with its roseate leaves and its purple bell-shaped flowers (witches' bells) is showy, either as a flower or a drug plant. Through many centuries we find that digitalis has steadfastly retained its place as a heart [regulator and tonic.

"By the Egyptians, the camomiles were consecrated to the gods as a remedy for the ague. The Romans found in the camomile a cure for the bites of serpents. Our ancestors cured many ills with 'camomile tea.' The camomile grows wild in our fields, and thrives under cultivation. With the camomiles belong the daisies. The 'pearl' of the daisy, the Marguerite, was dedicated by the ancients to the Goddess of Night, by the Church to St. Margaret. It is a reputed cure for a large number of ills of womankind.

"The crimson and gold of the marigold was the calends of the Romans, the gold flowers of the Greeks. The Virgin Mother wore it in her bosom. Through the ages, the calendula has healed the wounds of man.

"Out of the myths come the violets, created by Diana, springing from the earth at the command of Jupiter, dedicated to Venus. In medicine, the violet is found among the ancient

and the modern syrups, conserves and cordials, a cure for all ills from headache to consumption.

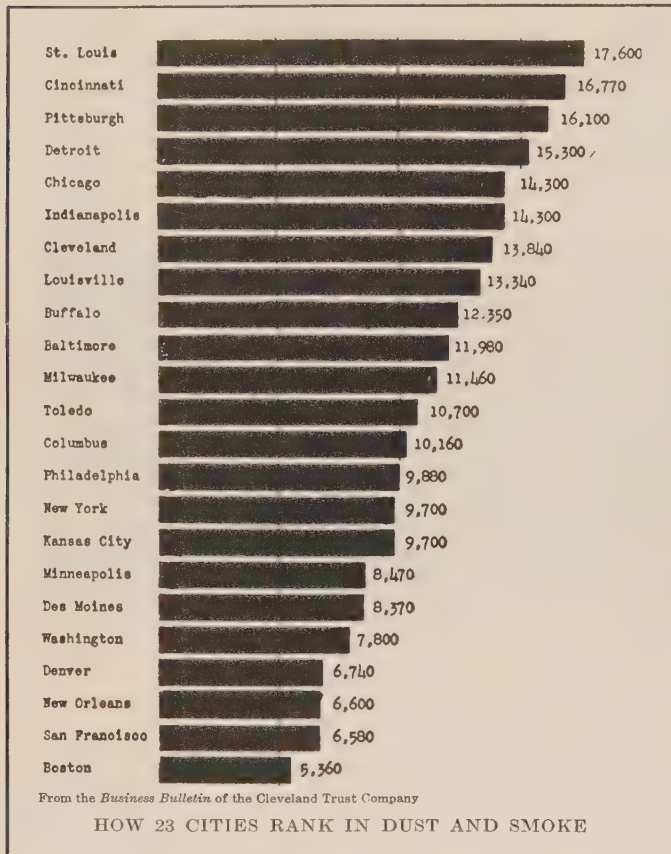
"Of the beautiful mallows, Pliny said, 'Whosoever shall take of the mallows shall be free from all diseases.' We use them as demulcents.

"The lilies sprang from drops of milk which fell from the breast of Juno. Through the years, the lily has been a theriac against poison, a specific against gout and 'infectious distempers.'

"The glorious larkspur arose from the dripping blood of the infuriated Ajax, and each petal carries the name of a king. For their beauty of form and flower and their medicinal virtues they have ever held a stated place.

"Even the common weeds find a place in the druggist's garden. The dandelion, plant of the lion and the sun, the shepherd's clock, and the consumption cure of the herbalist is in our pharmacopoeia, a diaphoretic and alterative.

"The despised burdock, under whose leaves fairies sought refuge, in other times cured rheumatism. It is still an alterative.



"The thistle, curst in Eden and blest by the Virgin, the Scotch emblem of knighthood, is now a diuretic and alterative.

"How can a man die who has sage in his garden?" asked the Arabs. Its aromatic tea checks fever.

"Horehound, we read, in the herbals, is 'good for them who have drunken poison.' It still cures colds.

"The herb of immortality of the Greeks was the tansy. It was mixed in the Lenten cakes by the early Christians. Tansy cured ague, and tansy bitters were the elixir of life of our ancestors; even now, it stands as a bitter tonic.

"Strewn on the altar of the goddess Isis was the absinthium, or wormwood, from age to age a febrifuge.

"The tall garden heliotrope, the herb of St. George, is our valuable nervine, Valerian.

"Springs of the silver-leaved, fragrant rosemary, the plant of remembrance, have long decked the bridal veil and the funeral shroud. It is the source of perfume oil and a stimulant carminative.

"The golden dew of the fairies sprinkles the feathery tufts of the thyme. From the plant comes the healing oil and the antiseptic thymol.

"In the bed of scents, flavors and carminatives are the peppermints, spearmint, horsemint, pennyroyal, cardamom, anise, fennel, lavender—the host of them—time-honored as yielding oils, perfumes, and the teas of the herbalists.

"Since the days of Adam, the renown of the nightshades have encircled the globe. The henbanes decorating the tombs and

crowning the victor; the daturas spreading from pole to pole and ever carrying enchanting love; the ever-wonderful belladonna (beautiful lady), sinister, austere, shade-loving plants appearing as weeds, shrubs and trees, born of the gods and the angels, the stars and the witches, intoxicating, deadly, carrying in their sap the poison of the savage, the Borgias, sorcerers, and kings.

"The bell-flowered solanums are the most renowned in poetry and in lore. From them come deadly poisons and pain-dispelling narcotics, including that great blessing to man—atropine.

"That Proserpine might sleep and forget her grief, Ceres created the poppy, the emblem of the Gods of Sleep, Night and Death. Above all other plants, the story of the poppy crowds literature. Poppies grow everywhere; they fill the garden with a riot of color. Fortunately, in our land their baby-shaped heads will not yield opium or morphin. The poppies of our gardens will not produce opium fiends.

"The castor-oil bean (*Ricinus*) planted in the back yard will, in a few weeks, spread out into a tropic-like palm.

"The rose is the flower of love, poetry, grace and beauty, dyed in many hues by the nectar of the gods. Sirups, honeys, conserves, oils and essences made from the rose crowd the pages of the old 'herbals' to comfort the brayne and the heart and quicken the spyrte."

There are legions more of drug plants that can be grown in the back yard, Dr. Kilmer assures us, each carrying lore, legend, myth and poetry, each giving beauty, joy, and rest to the body and uplift to the soul. He concludes:

"Let the worn and weary druggist place the seed of a drug plant in the soil and note its marvelous development and growth until the seeds fall again. He will find that he is beholding the great mysteries of the plant kingdom; that he is standing at the portal of Life itself."

THE SMOKIEST CITIES

PITTSBURGH IS NOT THE DIRTIEST CITY, asserts, the *Business Bulletin* of the Cleveland Trust Company.

For many years it was reputed to be, and perhaps actually was; but it has made itself cleaner through the rigid enforcement of a smoke-prevention ordinance. A Mr. Murphy of Louisville, we are told, has been sampling the air in different cities with a dust counter. The results are shown in the diagram in which the varying lengths of the horizontal bars are proportional to the average number of dust particles found per cubic foot of air in each of twenty-three cities. We read:

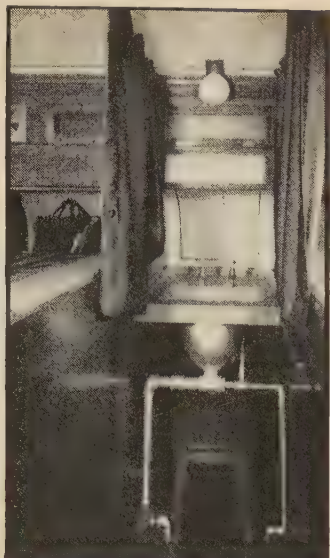
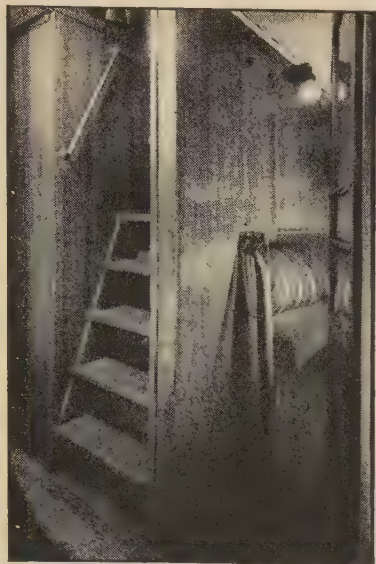
"St. Louis makes the worst record with more than seventeen thousand dirt particles per cubic foot of air. Boston is the cleanest with a little more than five thousand. Pittsburgh is in third place, while six cities have air that is even dirtier than that of Cleveland. In general, the hard-coal cities are the clean ones, and those using soft coal are the dirty ones.

"The community expense of city smoke is more real than apparent. In places where the air is dirty the expense of laundry work is increased, and the durability of clothing is decreased. Silverware tarnishes rapidly in such atmospheres. There is more work for doctors and hospitals. Shade trees suffer, and all plant life is retarded. Goods in stores become rapidly shopworn.

"Buildings require more painting and varnishing in dirty cities than in clean ones, and it does less good, and has to be renewed more often. Structures of stone, brick, cement and tile require expensive cleanings where there is much smoke, with results that are unsatisfactory at best, and only temporarily effective.

"Probably the most serious result of city smoke in a business way is that it is shockingly destructive of real-estate values. Well-to-do residents in all the dirtiest cities are leaving the urban centers and moving out into the suburbs. The typical smoky city now has a costly and crowded down-town business center surrounded by a twilight zone that is several miles wide, and inhabited mostly by people who can not afford to move away.

"This zone is in turn surrounded by suburbs where people live who can afford to be cleaner. Mr. Murphy has done a valuable service in collecting the evidence. The cities would do well to change the conditions."



Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American* (New York)

STAIR TO "DUPLEX" BERTHS

WASHSTAND BETWEEN BERTHS

ONE OF THE "DUPLEX" OR UP-STAIRS BEDS

SECOND STORY OF THE FLAGG SLEEPING-CAR



DAY VIEW, LOOKING TOWARD THE DOOR



NIGHT VIEW, LOOKING TOWARD WINDOW

ONE OF THE DOWN-STAIRS STATEROOMS OF THE NEW SLEEPER

AN IMPROVED SLEEPING-CAR—A new type of sleeping-car developed by Ernest Flagg, well-known architect and inventor, is described and illustrated in *The Scientific American* (New York) and in a special descriptive booklet. The main object of the design is comfort with no increased cost. The latter consideration is met by the conservation of space and by utilizing space that is wasted in the ordinary sleeper. We read in the booklet:

"The car is of the same dimensions as the standard Pullman sleeper. It has a passageway at one side for about two-thirds its length, opening from which are rooms having ceiling height of about seven feet. Each room is provided with a toilet, wash-basin, and a considerable recess for luggage. There is also a comfortable armchair, and a bench which can be shifted from one side of the room to the other, so that the passenger may ride forward, backward, or in any other way he chooses. At night the bench forms part of the bed, the rest of which, with mattresses and other bedding, is stowed during the day in a recess completely out of the way. The bed is wider than the Pullman bed, and would serve comfortably for two persons."

The second story is reached by a short stair to a platform, which forms a passage between the two upper or "duplex" berths. The up-stairs berths "are not as wide as Pullman berths,

but are as wide as steamship berths." As we are told in *The Scientific American*:

"On either side is a berth, with space for storing baggage. Between the berths, and screened from the view of the occupants of either, is a combination lavatory. Above this is a mirror and convenient light. At the end of the duplex platform is a curtain, not shown, which makes for greater privacy, and prevents people passing along the public corridor from seeing into the occupied berths. Use is made of the hitherto wasted space under the roof of the car, without undue crowding or cutting too much the head-room of passengers either in the lower room or the duplex berths. The car itself will be the standard Pullman length, with the corridor along one wall near the windows. Altho each room and duplex unit will have its own plumbing, there will be at one end of the car a toilet for men and at the other a toilet for women. During the day, persons in the rooms may draw the curtains and have complete privacy, as shown in the lower left-hand picture. At one end of the car there is a large 'day room,' or lounge, in which passengers may sit, as in an ordinary parlor-car. Mr. Flagg's arrangement allows for seven double bedrooms and sixteen single berths in pairs. Besides giving more berth space than standard Pullman cars, his design insures greater comfort and privacy for passengers. The photographs illustrate the model that has been built by the Canadian National Railways."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE



NURSE CAVELL GOING TO HER DEATH OCTOBER 12, 1915

George Bellows's lithograph, "The Execution of Edith Cavell," shown on the right, formed the model for the scene represented on the left in the film "Dawn," which caused a discussion in Parliament. "Sybil Thorndike has made a most dignified figure of *Nurse Cavell*."

SHOULD "EDITH CAVELL" BE FILMED?

THE FILM WORLD OF ENGLAND has had no such sensation as that aroused over the picture called "Dawn," which tells the story of Edith Cavell. Held up for weeks under the ban of Sir Austen Chamberlain, Foreign Secretary, it looked for a time as tho its only friend outside the studio would be George Bernard Shaw. Sir Austen had not seen the film, and declined to see it on the ground that his memory of the heroic sacrifice of Edith Cavell was too precious to be disturbed. Yet members of Parliament and people outside looked upon his censorship as unwarrantable interference. The pros and cons of this aspect of the question are of less importance to us than the film itself, which is said to have been secured for American showing. Now that the film has been viewed by London newspaper critics, we are enabled to know just what the picture contains. Mr. E. A. Baughan, the critic of *The Daily News and Westminster*, finds it a "dignified and worthy" film and a powerful "sermon against war." There is "nothing in 'Dawn' itself which should inflame the passions of the German people." It was doubtless fear of political consequences which led to Sir Austen Chamberlain's action. Mr. Baughan thus reviews the film:

"I must confess I went to see 'Dawn' with considerable doubt. It had seemed to me, as to most sensible men, that no good could come from raking in the ashes of past enmities.

"It also seemed to me that there was something ghoulish in this reconstruction of a recent tragedy. Was nothing to be sacred to the films!

"The private view of 'Dawn' yesterday dissipated all my doubts. In the first place Sybil Thorndike has made a most dignified figure of *Nurse Cavell*. She is a gray-eyed, commanding woman, obsessed with the idea of alleviating suffering, and full of a tenderness toward the wounded and those in danger of their life, which never once becomes sentimental. That is a great achievement.

"There is nothing of the film actress in her performance. She lives in this film as the personification of strong-willed mercy.

"For her performance alone 'Dawn' would be worth showing

to the world, even if the rest of it were inspired by one-sided partizanship.

"But it emphatically is not. The director, Herbert Wilcox, has kept Nurse Cavell's famous saying as the basis of the whole film.

"There is not a single German, officer, private, or civilian, who is presented as being brutal or callous.

"Indeed, I can imagine that many people may think the picture aims at whitewashing Germans.

"Even the military Governor of Brussels is only a rugged military man who is doing his duty according to his lights.

"*Von Bissing* is also merely a cog in the machinery of war. They had to be shown as adamant in their determination that *Nurse Cavell's* execution should take place. The director has not made any capital of the fact, as it may well be, that her being English was an additional inspiration in the strengthening of their will.

"The trial is, perhaps, not very effective—trials seldom are on the screen, because the speeches of the characters can not be heard. But even here *Nurse Cavell*, when asked if she understands that the punishment for her offenses is death, merely answers 'Yes.'

"The German soldiers and officers are not drawn as brutes. On the contrary, their methods of search and their treatment of their prisoner may seem to Germans themselves as too casual and too kindly.

"The very sentry at the door of *Nurse Cavell's* cell is sympathetic. He evidently admires the heroine who has done so much for her countrymen, and for his own, for that matter. There is an affecting little touch when *Nurse Cavell* nods affectionately to him when led out of her cell for execution."

The scene of the execution is of course the crucial one, and accounts have differed as to what the film actually represents. Moreover, the historical accuracy of the generally accepted version of the scene has been called in question, some German authorities maintaining that Nurse Cavell was not shot while lying in a faint. Mr. Baughan's report proceeds:

"The very men detailed for the firing party show quite plainly how distasteful it is to them as men. One of them, *Paul Ramler*, declares that he will not do it.

"And that brings me to the execution itself. It has been vehemently denied that any member of the firing party refused to shoot, or that he was shot by his own officer for refusing to do his duty. But that is unquestionably a legend in Brussels itself, where photographs of the soldier have been publicly sold.

"Even if it were not a fact, I can not see that the incident is anything more than a reflection on the military discipline of the German war machine. The actual shooting is managed with reticence, but I think it dramatically mars the conclusion of what I consider is a great film in the sense that it has risen to the height of its subject.

"There remains the vexed question of the actual shooting of *Nurse Cavell*. Whether she actually fainted on seeing the soldier shot, and had to be dispatched by the revolver of the officer commanding the firing party, I do not know. It may have been so, or it may not have been so.

"But the incident as shown on the film does not deserve Sir Austen Chamberlain's declaration that it was an 'outrage on a noble woman's memory.'

"An outrage that an overwrought woman waiting for her death should have fainted when she heard a shot ring out and saw one of the soldiers fall dead?

"As to the officer dispatching her with his revolver, was that less humane than raising *Nurse Cavell* from the ground, making her stand, and then shooting her down in cold blood?

"Sir Austen Chamberlain's statement makes it appear that the horror of the execution is shown in realistic detail. On the contrary we see the young officer compelled by his superior to carry out an order which is repugnant to all his feelings as a man.

"But he, again, like his superiors, is only a cog in the machine of war—that terrible scourge of humanity.

"We do not see the officer actually shoot *Nurse Cavell*. He raises his revolver and fires. Her figure is not shown on the screen. But we know from the face of the priest who has accompanied the condemned woman to execution that she has been shot, and then we see her lying dead on the ground.

"I do not think this incident, 'apocryphal' or not, helps the dramatic climax of this impressive film. If it could be eliminated it should be, solely for that reason. But it is absurd to say the incident as it stands is one that could unnecessarily anger the German people, or that it is a horrible travesty, and so on.

"If Sir Austen Chamberlain had seen this film before writing his famous letter, he could not possibly have taken the stand he did, or have repeated his criticism of the unknown in Parliament. For 'Dawn,' whatever faults it may have, is an earnest expression of horror at the

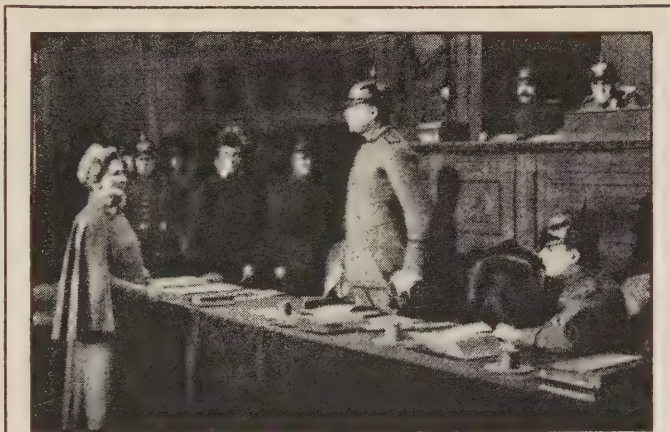


IN THE CELLAR OF HER HOUSE IN BRUSSELS

Among some of the refugee soldiers she helped to escape.

horrors of war. It must be shown not only in this country but in Germany as well."

That is the dramatic critic; the paper itself is not wholly of the same opinion, for it adds editorially:



FACING HER ACCUSERS

Nurse Cavell, with the boy *Philip Bodart* (Gordon Craig), who received six months for aiding her, before the German military tribunal in the Senate House at Brussels.

"We accept, as we think every one should accept, Mr. Baughan's judgment on the technical merits of the presentment. The question remains: 'What will be the effect of this exhibition—the positive effect, not necessarily the effect intended by the producers nor even the effect which on perfectly dispassionate spectators the film might properly produce?' There can in the present state of the world be, in our opinion, only one answer. It will certainly help to keep alive, if it does not positively inflame, hot passions and bitter prejudices and angry memories which in the best interests, not of Germany, but of Europe and the whole world, should be suffered to die as soon and as completely as possible. For that reason and to that extent we

think still, as we said at the time, that Sir Austen Chamberlain's attitude in this matter is substantially the right attitude."

The attitude of Sir Austen is conveyed in a letter written by his secretary, which we find quoted in the *Manchester Guardian*. After declining the invitation to view the film, the letter proceeds:

"It may be possible to present such a story pictorially without loss of its beauty and without danger of controversy when the lapse of years has made it history, but for himself Sir Austen feels that it is more beautiful in his memory than any picture could make it. In no circumstances, therefore, would he care to see the exhibition. This would be the case however the story were treated in the film, but Sir Austen desires me to add that if the accounts which he has read in the newspapers are correct, as he must presume them to be, he would be even less willing to attend the performance.

"He knows of no authority to justify certain incidents as presented in the film, and their representation can only provoke controversy over the grave of a woman who has become one of the world's heroines. *Nurse Cavell* had no thought of fame or self, but can you doubt what her feelings would have been if she had thought that such a use was to be made of her sacrifice? There are war films which, while recalling the heroic deeds and endurance of our own people, call forth no bitter feelings elsewhere, but serve only to unite all men in admiration of heroism and fortitude. But the film to the representation of which you invite Sir Austen Chamberlain appears to be of an entirely



IN HER CELL

At the Prison of St. Gilles in Brussels after her arrest, and a German warder (seen through the window in the door) bringing her food.

different character, and he must frankly say that he feels the strongest repugnance to its production."

The same paper prints the following from its Berlin correspondent:

"The extremely objective attitude of the second part of the German war film, 'Weltkrieg,' released last night, has served to intensify the high lights of criticism now being leveled by the



NURSE CAVELL ENTERS THE ROOM OF MME. RAPPARD

Whose son Jacques (Mr. Mickey Brantford, on right) is a Belgian refugee soldier in the English film "Dawn."

German press upon the English Cavell film. This new German war film leaves the audience flat and deprest. After endless repetitions of shells bursting on various battle-fields, whether the Somme, or before Verdun, the Russian, Italian, or Macedonian fronts, coupled with scenes of life in the trenches—flat monotony varied by sudden horror—it all brings home the long dreariness of the years 1915-16.

"It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the reports of the Cavell film, hectically colored by various London correspondents of the leading German papers, have aroused embittered comments. The very able correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* certainly states that the protest of the German Government has complicated the case entirely. The consequence is that the whole affair has now taken on a political character which may very possibly disturb the efforts being made for peace.

"This does not, however, prevent the correspondent from stating in another part of the paper that it is a 'scandalous film,' and it declares that the producer's 'only justification is the notorious incapacity of English film-producers to produce at all. General Sauberzweig was at least acting in warfare and in the midst of a highly irritated and inimical population. Mr. Wilcox is speculating in a crude and businesslike fashion in the midst of the peace of Locarno.'"

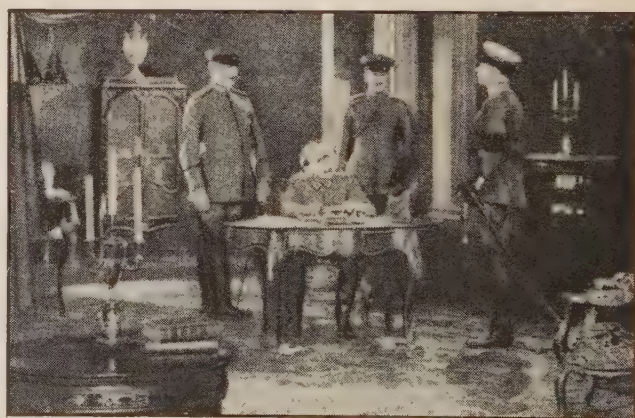
THE COVER—It is perhaps more like a burst of summer than a springtime picture suitable to the chill winds that seem bound to stay with us, but we must remember that this is a lady of Florence, where Spring is early and Summer is prolonged. Her creator is Antonio Guarino, who was born in Sicily, where Autumn and Spring almost merge. He came to New York when he was a small child and studied in the Adelphi Academy, where, in 1903, he won the gold medal for the best painting of the nude and a silver medal for the best drawing. He exhibited at the National Academy and his picture, "The Cock Fight," was purchased by the late William M. Chase. In 1908 Mr. Guarino returned to Italy, and there his pictures achieved instant appreciation and he set himself to painting landscapes and portraits of prominent Italians. Misfortune overtook him in 1915, however, when his entire collection, which he was bringing for exhibition in New York by the steamship *Ancona*, was sunk by a submarine. Life had to begin over again, but he not only painted but turned to the production of monotypes. In 1920 there was another return to Italy, where after his exhibition in Rome he was made Commander of the Royal Italian Crown. Again coming to America he made a sojourn in Florida and painted studies of the Seminole Indians. His pictures hang in both Italian and American galleries, and he has been a frequent exhibitor in annual exhibitions.

BABBITTRY IN ART

A DENVER MILLIONAIRE, not many years ago, wrote to an Eastern firm "stating that he had a wall space of a certain dimension, and would the dealer please send him a hand-painted oil landscape suitable for that area of wall." Perhaps the retailer of this anecdote overplays it as symptomatic of the art appreciation current in the Rocky Mountain West. Probably an Eastern Babbitt could be found rocking in the same slough of artistic helplessness, but Mr. David Rappelock, writing in *The Echo*, the "Rocky Mountain Magazine" of Denver, uses it to enforce his contention that there does not exist in the West "any great appreciation of the arts or any liberal, true understanding." He may be taken in hand for his boldness, but he nevertheless makes a courageous gesture to remove "Babbitttry" from the field of art. "Local pride has its value in stimulating business, in encouraging new manufactures, in helping to create a middle-class, bovine satisfaction with one's lot. It has no other value," he declares. He goes on to tell his compatriots that "art is not measured by contemporary production," and that "an artist is great in comparison with all the artists who are living or have lived." He opens to us the fact that criticism is unwelcome in Western quarters:

"Bernard De Voto wrote an article for *Harper's Magazine* in which he made some brief statements about the inferior quality of creative art and intellectual development in the Rocky Mountain West. Of course, in the face of the always prevalent inferiority complex of the West, it was to be expected that champions of local patriotism would ride their hobby-horses on a fierce attack against the belittler of local endeavor. Mr. De Voto, himself a Westerner by birth, spared not music, painting, architecture, literature, or public libraries. So far, the newspapers in Rocky Mountain art centers, such as Salt Lake City, Phoenix, Santa Fé, and Dallas have not taken up the cudgel against the critic. But Denver has—and with characteristic vigor. The wrath of the public library was first awakened; then, through its music critic, the *Denver Post*.

"This newspaper denounces Mr. De Voto and his 'refusal' to recognize the 'pride of the Rockies.' It accuses him of trying to be 'smart' and to seek publicity. The *Denver newspaper* contradicts the critic's assertions by referring, as evidence to the contrary, to Robert Garrison and Burnam Hoyt, 'two Denver geniuses'; to George Elbert Burr, now of Phoenix, as one of 'the four greatest etchers who ever lived'; of the 'exquisite Western poetry' of Lilian White Spencer and Thomas Hornsby



GERMAN AUTHORITIES DISCUSSING HER ARREST

(Left to right) General Von Sauberzweig and (seated at table) Von Bissing, interrogating an officer.

Ferril; of Horace Tureman's symphony orchestra, which gives concerts at ten and twenty-five cents, which the newspaper asks Mr. De Voto to 'match that, if you can'; to the 100,000 persons who take part in the annual music week; to the architecture of J. J. B. Benedict and the Fisher brothers, 'based upon Western native art'; to the truly Western 'literature' of Courtney Ryley Cooper and Arthur Chapman; to the *Denver Public Library*, which is not 'rudimentary,' as De Voto says of Western libraries,

because, particularly, it printed a survey of Denver music (not to mention that it refused to purchase copies of 'Elmer Gantry'); to the 'distinct art school' which exists in Denver'; to the local newspaper which is so fine an example of journalism because it 'covers its territory' so well—and so on. All of which is mere empty mouthing without an ounce of value in trying to prove that the West possesses great culture and art. It serves only to make local Main Streeters more stupidly proud."

The scene is not wholly one of shadows, tho it is the writer's opinion that "until recently Western painting and sculpture had little to boast of." Here are the stages of their growth:

"When killing men ceased to be a minor offense in the Rocky Mountain West, a few painters had appeared on the scene. They came from the East and painted with Eastern eyes. Those that remained were the puritans of art. They were severely academical and denounced with bitterness any deviation from the accepted academic standard. For a long time, because of these bigoted, limited artists and art instructors, art in the sense of being fluid did not exist in Denver, at least. It was only when a few artists went East for training that there grew some rebellion against the strait-laced Western art standards. The first 'modern' exhibits brought storms of protest. But such exhibits were too few to have any significance.

"And after the travail of the years, what have we in native creative art? Fifty picture post-card painters of the mountains to a scant one who has the vision to interpret the mass and line of the hills in a composition truly his own. And most of this small number of experimentalists are imitators of others' work, showing ability but certainly no genius. Where are the painters who may possibly command the attention of the nation? Colorado has two or three; New Mexico—Santa Fé and Taos, to be exact—has a half-dozen first-rate men; possibly there is one in Arizona; two or three showing some little substantial promise in Utah; a few capable painters in Texas; none of any outstanding ability in Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Nevada. If the Rocky Mountain West had any creative artists of first rank among the painters, outside of Dasburg, Thompson, and a possible two or three more, they have not made themselves evident.

"What has been the public reception of native Western art? Is it true that our museums are 'antique shops' and art galleries are 'non-existent'?

"Reference has already been made to the public's attitude toward John Thompson's first exhibit. It is but very recently that the New Museum, Santa Fé, opened its 'modern wing' for the exhibition of the newer art of Western painters. Albuquerque recently held an exhibit and apologized for the inclusion of expressionistic work, saying that the city still held its admiration for 'antiques,' for the aping paintings that refuse to progress beyond naturalism. A Texas painter who returned home from the East solaced the fears of his local art-lovers by declaring that modern art is passé, that the East is witnessing a return to the literary, photographic, and dramatic in painting. In Nevada and Idaho, where conventional exhibits have recently been held, awe was commanded not for the possible merit of the work but for the costliness of the paintings. In Denver a decidedly second-rate exhibit of 'old masters' was held and was witnessed by hundreds of people. Excellent work of modern expressionistic painters in an adjoining room were dismissed with a contemptuous glance. So far as the community at large is concerned, it has no greater appreciation or understanding of the real prin-

ciples of art than it had forty years ago. Greater tolerance there is, true. But it is a tolerance based upon ignorance, not upon knowledge.

"Denver takes a pride in its monuments and its statues, but this is only local pride again, the conviction that a city is cultured because it has statues. The quite horrible 'Pioneer's Monument' is as likely or more likely to excite praise than is Lorado Taft's rather admirable city park monument."

The best painting that is being done in the Western States, we are told, is not "native Western art," nor even of the "New Mexico school" or the "Denver school":

"Nordfelt, Dasburg, Thompson, and several other leading painters, owe their greatest debt to Cezanne and later great

French expressionists. Perhaps these and other artists of this region have learned something in simplification and directness from native primitive art, the work of the Indians, but the Western artist's debt to the Indian (except as a subject for paintings) is small.

"In this day of extensive reproductions of world art, quick dissemination through books and magazines of the latest movements in art, rapid and easy transportation from one place to another, indigenous art is almost impossible for nations, let alone for sections of such a highly standardized country as the United States. Western artists are generally interested in local subjects, and through that fact a certain unity is given to the painters of the region, but obviously it is a superficial one. French influence, rather than native Western, is the parent of the West's most interesting artists.

"However, purely regional influences are admissible, if their minor significance is understood. The Rocky Mountain West, especially, is shut off by mountains, desert and vast stretches of prairie, from the crowding influences of the Pacific coast and the East. In some ways these are harder to

bridge than the great coast cities find spanning the oceans. The sharp, clear air of these mountainous States, the warm, soothing sun, the dim tradition of action, not thought, have their influence on artists who remain long enough in the West to become impregnated with these influences."



"DAWN" SHOWS THE APPEAL DENIED

General Von Sauberzweig, German Military Governor of Brussels (right), in his box at a theater, refuses a German diplomat's request to consider the American Embassy's appeal for Nurse Cavell.

GERMANY SHORT ON SHAKESPEARE—The report that Shakespeare's plays are more popular in Germany than in his native land, often gains currency, but a contradiction of the statement rarely appears. One such now comes from a correspondent of the *Sunday Times* (London), Mr. F. R. Cave, who writes this from Berlin:

"I do not think there is any evidence that such is the case nowadays, tho it certainly was so in days gone by. Such popularity as still exists appears to be confined exclusively to the comedies, and I have been unable to ascertain that any of the tragedies or historical dramas have been played anywhere in Germany this winter. Latterly in Berlin, at the Schauspielhaus, the 'Merchant of Venice' had a good run, and 'All's Well That Ends Well' is at present being played with success at the Schiller Theater, where 'Measure for Measure' is also being produced. But it has to be borne in mind that both these theaters are State theaters, and it is a question whether there would be as much Shakespeare as there is if these theaters had to rely solely on public support."

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

RELIGION CHEAPER THAN CANDY

PIETY COMES HIGH in the United States. It costs as much as a package of chewing-gum a day, or a trolley-car ride a day, a shoe shine every other day, or a cheap ticket to the movies once a week. At least, the Rev. Charles Stelzle tells us in *The World's Work*, that is what the average church member

pays for supporting the church. And yet we are the richest nation in the world. According to the figures of Mr. Stelzle, who is a well-known sociologist and an authority on labor problems, the United States is worth about half a trillion dollars, and the country's income, taxed and otherwise, is probably \$100,000,000,000. Our expenditures, he informs us, include more than \$100,000,000 for chewing-gum, \$1,000,000,000 for candy, \$2,000,000,000 for theaters and motion-pictures, and \$1,825,000,000 in beautifying the female figure. For all forms of advertising, we learn, we spent last year about \$400,000,000. In 1926 we spent \$2,171,844,689 to maintain our public schools. For life insurance of various kinds, including standard companies, fraternal and

mutual organizations, we spent in premiums during 1927 \$3,000,000,000. But for the maintenance of all Protestant churches and all benevolences related to these churches we spent last year only \$489,429,078. If we credit the Protestants in the United States and Canada with 22,890,210 members, we read, this is an average of \$21.38 per living member, which figure is based upon the study just completed by the United Stewardship Council, which gives figures for 1926-1927, for twenty-six denominational groups. This averages less than the price of three two-cent postage stamps per day per member.

The fact is, we read, many millions of church members do not contribute even a nickel a day, because a great number of others give very much more.

"For instance, there are two great communions listed by the Council that together have a membership of five millions, whose average contributions per year amount to something like \$10, or less than three cents per day.

"The total amounts contributed by the organizations included in the Council tabulation were as follows: Missions and benevolences, \$87,826,774; Congregational expenses, \$380,287,869; total gifts for all purposes, \$489,429,078. The place of honor is given to the churches that contributed the largest sums to 'missions and benevolences'—to missionary work and objects unrelated to the local church. However, it will be seen that the average amount given for this purpose was only a little more than one cent per day per member. This may be a comfort to

those who are inclined to rebuke the church for sending so much of its money to the 'heathen' when it is 'needed so much at home.' The fact is, only about one-half cent a day per member is actually sent to foreign-mission fields; the remainder is used for various benevolent purposes in this country.

"As already intimated, there is a great disproportion in the amounts contributed for church support, some churches receiving very small sums from their members, usually because comparatively small amounts are required, and sometimes because much of the work in and about the church is done by volunteer workers. This is particularly true in the smaller churches and in the country. When real money is needed, the difference in the ability to pay and the degree of generosity and sense of responsibility is more plainly shown, particularly in the gifts to benevolences."

During the last seven years, Mr. Stelzle writes, the contributions for missions and benevolences have steadily fallen off, whereas congregational expenses have almost steadily increased. But taken over a long period of time, the churches as a whole have greatly increased their gifts. The contributions for all purposes in

the Presbyterian Church, for instance, in 1914, amounted to \$18.99 per capita, and in 1926 they were \$32.61 per capita. Upon the face of it, says Mr. Stelzle, this indicates a gain of \$13.62 per capita. But the purchasing power of the dollar during this period was reduced from 100 cents to 59.5 cents, thus making the increase in contributions, so far as what the dollar would buy is concerned, less than half a dollar.

"It will be seen, therefore, that unless the churches have had their gifts increased at least 40 per cent. since 1914, they have remained stationary since that time, so far as financial effectiveness is concerned. Statistics show that whereas the national wealth of the United States increased 262 per cent. from 1900 to 1922 the contributions to the Presbyterian Church increased only 214 per cent. It has been very generally true that all of the great agencies of the church, in all denominations, have been staggering under a load of debt due mainly to the declining value of the dollar and the failure of contributors to the church to realize this fact, altho they took it into account in every other relationship. Unless they materially increase their gifts, the cause of religion will suffer greatly throughout the world."

It is frequently said, Mr. Stelzle tells us, that the failure of the church to reach the great mass of people in the United States is due to the high cost of membership, and that the expense of church membership is rapidly growing, making it increasingly a monopoly of the rich or at least of the well-to-do. But, says Mr. Stelzle:

PER CAPITA GIFTS

Communion	Missions and Benevo- lences	Congre- gational Expenses	All Purposes	Member- ship in U. S. and Canada
United Presbyterian.....	\$11.65	\$23.88	\$38.04	171,678
Presbyterian U. S., South.....	8.87	23.44	34.59	439,621
Moravian, North.....	7.18	15.75	22.93	18,029
Reformed in America.....	6.76	25.82	35.70	151,281
Baptist Convention of Ontario and Quebec.....	6.18	23.62	32.32	64,000
Baptist Union of Western Canada.....	5.58	29.22	35.93	12,905
Protestant Episcopal.....	5.36	31.25	38.51	1,173,679
Presbyterian, U. S. A.....	5.11	24.69	35.42	1,885,727
Congregational.....	5.05	24.16	30.23	914,698
United Church of Canada.....	4.48	17.60		629,549
Methodist Episcopal, South....	4.43	8.86	16.12	2,546,300
Lutheran, Other Synods.....	4.20	12.50	16.70	962,370
Evangelical Church.....	4.12	26.26	30.37	217,935
Lutheran Synodical Conference.....	3.94	15.26	19.20	836,623
United Brethren in Christ (Old Constitution).....	3.89	14.95	19.34	18,054
Methodist Episcopal.....	3.74	19.53	24.48	3,953,269
United Brethren in Christ.....	3.66	14.01	17.99	391,114
United Lutheran.....	3.63	20.62	24.25	908,190
Church of Brethren.....	3.38	9.66	13.04	126,723
Baptist, North.....	3.15	20.20	24.85	1,391,737
Christian.....	3.11	10.12	14.45	99,132
Reformed, United States.....	2.60	14.71	19.34	351,926
Methodist Protestant.....	2.24	10.80	13.04	187,371
Baptist, South.....	2.21	8.59	10.80	3,708,253
Evangelical Synod.....	1.75	20.50	23.60	248,670
Disciples of Christ.....	1.64	7.95	9.59	1,481,376
TOTAL.....	\$ 3.84	\$16.61	\$21.38	22,890,210

TABLE PREPARED BY THE UNITED STEWARDSHIP COUNCIL

"There is so great a variety of churches either in the city or in the country that any man, no matter how poor he may be, can find a church whose financial requirements will fit his purse. At any rate, it is a very easy matter for him to be an average 'per capita' member, and he can do this without very serious embarrassment, for he will find many others in the church like himself."

WHAT GOOD ARE GOOD-WILL BANQUETS?

DOES ANY REAL AND LASTING BENEFIT come out of Good-Will banquets which bring Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews together? These banquets are being held in various parts of the country, and now for several years have been used as a means of promoting understanding among the members of these three great faiths in America. It is generally held that they do result in good and leave a residue of good-will among those who participate and those who only read about the dinners. But Dan B. Bravin, writing in *The Lutheran*, differs with the promoters of the Good-Will Movement, in that, he holds, they miss the point by not discussing the problem which brought them together. He is referring to a recent good-will banquet in Baltimore, attended by a group of 100 men from each faith. Here, he says, was the opportunity to present what is best in the three faiths, and thus bring about a better understanding and appreciation of the three beliefs. But this was missed, he tells us:

"Instead of that the good-will banquet—not bad in itself—was followed by speeches that had no direct bearing on the religious question whatever. Christians were especially wary not to identify themselves too closely with Jesus. Such apologetic remarks as, 'I can not help being born in my faith,' or 'We all travel in the same direction, only by different routes,' and 'There is not going to be any proselytizing here,' were good-will slogans, phrases often repeated by the thoughtless. But since they are not true, they can not bring about good-will in place of ill. We are not born in a faith; we do not all travel in the same direction; and proselytizing will ever remain a principle of the Christian faith. It is as much a command as is baptism or the Lord's Supper. Why call together three religious groups, if there is no religious question to be discuss? If religious differences were the hindrance to good-will before the banquet (which we doubt), it certainly remained in *statu quo* after the banquet.

"Good-will banquetitis is no serious complaint; it is only a feverish feeling at a banquet of Jews, Catholics, and Protestants, relief from which is easily obtained by a change of atmosphere. For there was nothing said that would help the Catholic to appreciate the Protestant's point of view, or the Jew the Catholic's.

"Such meetings then can promote good-will only when their sentiments result in a deviation from religious principles and cause men to say, 'Well, after all, there is not much difference between me and thee.' Thus, a Jewish Reform Rabbi led the 200 Christians in grace-before-meat, omitting the name of Jesus, of course; and a Catholic priest pronounced the benediction, also omitting the name of Jesus out of deference to the Jews present. So Jesus was not invited to the good-will banquet; He would have been an unwelcome guest if He had come.

"The words of the Master come to mind: 'Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my

Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.' (Matthew 10: 32-33.)

"Good-will? Yes, indeed! But not at the expense of loyalty to our Lord!"

YOUTH NOT SO FLAMING

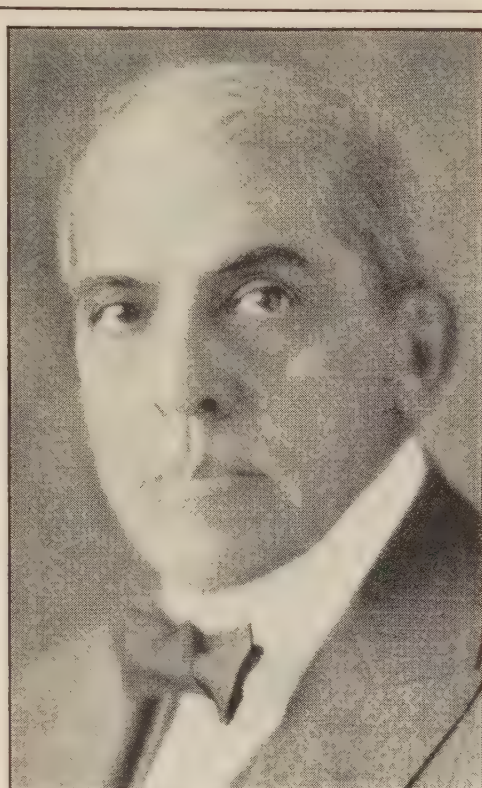
REPORTER, PUBLISHER, PROSPECTOR, frontiersman, Governor of Michigan and observer extraordinary—with these mile-posts behind him, Chase S. Osborn weighs his experience and comes definitely to the conclusion that the young people of to-day, the world and society and old people, too, are better than they were a half-century ago. At a proper period in his life, he tells us in *The Outlook*, he was plunged by the failure of his father from plenty into abject, hungry poverty. That gave him the all-round experience on which he bases his judgment. He "has gone to places and seen things," and we are led to believe by his brief, but pungent, narrative that there was considerable deviltry in the days of which he speaks which would not be tolerated now. But, he tells us, "the honor that goes with sex and love was alive then, and is now," and he gives us this little homily to ponder:

"Sex has its high and holy place and purpose. Its direction and manifestation is a test of honor, honesty, cleanliness, purity, and sense plus religion. Only coarse people think nasty things, and only those who are yet unrefined talk and think and act smuttily and worse. Decent girls and boys and women and men to-day and yesterday do not feed the mind nastiness any more than they do the stomach filth. They do not parade the unmentionable any more than they would put a garbage-pail on the buffet. Those who are recreant in sex matters take place with those to be found in every land who are not 'packed right in they laid,' as an old cracker express it to me. There are criminals, but crime is so unusual as to be news. There are departures from the pathway, but the way back is found."

The young people of his time, says Mr. Osborn, "seemed hopeless to the older blue-law crowd." But they came out all right. "Now the young people are bound for hell in a hand-basket, but they are better than the young folks who turned out all right a half-century ago," and Mr. Chase tells us how he knows:

"I have seven children and twelve grandchildren, and they are my intimate friends. All of them are so much better than I was, that I am ashamed of memory. They have young friends, and they are as fine as mine own. They come to live with me and camp with me and live every phase of life with me, and I know them and the God in them. Look at a face and see a man of character. No person, old or young, can practise unmentionable things long and get away with it. The face becomes sensuous or diseased and coarse. In no previous age were young people so clean-looking and beautiful and wholesome as right now.

"Of course the young people know. They always have. Why should they not? They are honest about it now than once they were. Society is better in every phase and plane. To doubt this is to indict the foundation of our civilization. I wish those who are continually saying things are not what they were or should be would practise a bit of self-analysis, a little introspection. Then they will have a new faith in God and in His instruments—the Church and the school and the press."



Keystone View Company photograph

"I AM ASHAMED OF MEMORY"

Says Chase S. Osborn, former Governor of Michigan, in comparing the generation of a half-century ago with the generation of to-day. "In no previous age," he says, "were young people so clean-looking and beautiful, and wholesome as right now."

THIRTY YEARS ON BROADWAY

BROADWAY IS NOT ENTIRELY GIVEN OVER to the lure of the bright lights, a recent "heartening anniversary," as the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) terms it, goes to show. For thirty years—much longer than the life-span of some of the gaudy temples of pleasure—Dr. Charles E. Jefferson has been pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, Congregationalist, and the anniversary was observed by Dr. Jefferson and his congregation, but without the pomp and blare of trumpets usually associated with a celebration on Broadway. Nevertheless, *The Advocate* points out, this anniversary "comes as a tremendous encouragement to those who believe in the vital ministry of the Gospel and the Church to our day." Here is a man who has stood on Broadway for thirty years, amid all the commotion and distracting influences of his environment, and engaged in a ministry of ever-widening influence. "In the midst of vaudeville on every hand," continues this neighborly observer, "he employed no vaudeville methods. The only sensation connected with his ministry was the exhilarating sensation of an experience of God in the hearts of those quickened by his preaching." Dr. Jefferson's own ideals and views of his task are given in this quotation *The Advocate* takes from his anniversary sermon:

"A real church on this corner need never die. But it must be a real church. No sham church can succeed here. It must be a drawing church, and to draw it must be alive, and to be alive it must love.

"No church can be saved by an endowment. An endowment is of value only when you have a living church to use it. There are dead churches with heavy endowments. They have piles of gold, but no life. There is no life in them, because they are lacking in love.

"If you ask me what gives me the keenest satisfaction as I look back over these crowded years, my reply is that I am happy to think that I have never cheapened or vulgarized the Broadway Tabernacle pulpit. Broadway loves stunts, but I have never performed one. Broadway yearns for a sensation, but the Broadway Tabernacle pulpit has declined to be sensational. There are enough cabarets and vaudeville shows on Broadway without a church adding to their number.

"I have never shortened my sermons to please the fancy of a sermonette-loving age. I preach long sermons, because I deal always with large themes. No petty subjects have had a place in this pulpit.

"It is a source of satisfaction to me that I have never neglected the Bible. Through thirty years the Bible has held the central place in all our Tabernacle thinking. My joy has been to unfold the ideas of prophets and apostles and of the Prince of Glory. It has never been necessary for me to go outside of the Bible to stimulate your minds and feed your hearts.

"You can not build a church by music. No church is saved by its choir. Only personality draws. Only sacrificial love draws. 'And I, if I be lifted up, will draw.' So said the Man who best knew the secret power of drawing.

"Only a Christlike personality incarcerated in a group of people who have been baptized with the Spirit of Christ, and who have been fused into a compact mass of life by devotion to a cause which is rooted in the mind of God, this is the only power under heaven which can keep the Tabernacle alive through the next thirty years."

WHY NOT PROTESTANT MONASTERIES?

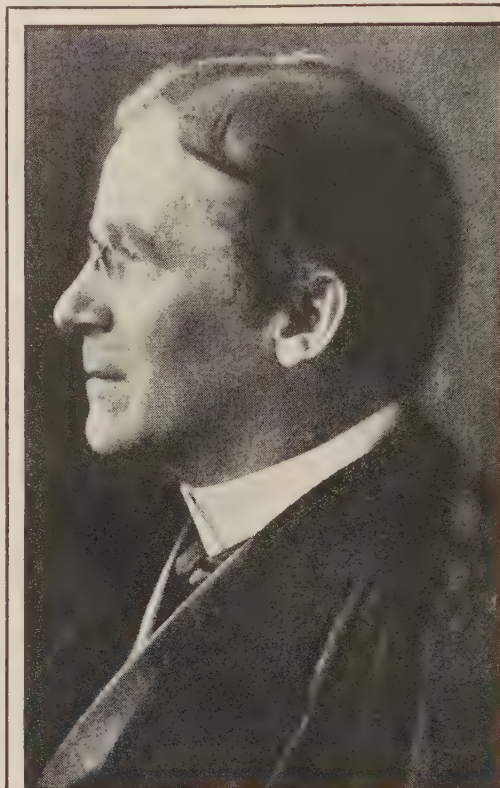
THE ESTABLISHING OF PROTESTANT monasteries might seem to some a bold step, but a modernized form of the cloister is seriously suggested by a student of religious problems as a means of religious education. Writing in *The Forum*, Rollin Lynde Hartt recalls that a dozen or more centuries ago the churches met the same problem by establishing monasteries, which were open to laymen and clergy alike. Aside from its numerous other functions, the monastery was a college of liberal arts, dispensing learning, both secular and religious, to all who came, and sending forth teachers to the masses, as, for instance, Augustine to England, Gall and Columban to Switzerland and eastern France, Adalbert to Bohemia, Emmeran and Rupert to the Austrian territories, Ansgar to Scandinavia, Boniface to Germany. "These daring pioneers," writes Mr. Hartt, "overthrew paganism in lands until then virtually untouched by Christianity. For hundreds of years thereafter monks continued to roam Europe, preaching and teaching." There is need for such teachers now, and there is need for some source of instruction for the teachers. Mr. Hartt quotes Dean William P. Ladd of the Berkeley Divinity School at Middletown, Connecticut, as saying "there is a real hunger among our lay people as well as the clergy for opportunities for quiet reflection on religious subjects such as retreats and conferences especially designed and carried out at the divinity school afford." The plan has been tested in actual practice at Berkeley for several years, we are told, and there, "tho taking no monastic vows, students and professors have developed a community spirit much like that of the cloister." There is widespread hunger for religious instruction, says Mr. Hartt:

"Multitudes of lay people feel insecure in their faith. Controversy has left them wondering how authentic the Bible records are, what authority

ancient creeds retain, and especially what validity there is in their own religious experience. Their minds team with questions. What, for example, is prayer? Anything more than merely a species of autosuggestion? What lies beyond death? Actual, conscious immortality, or only the survival of one's influence? And what, really, is religion? To all such questions, lay people seek reassuring answers, and there are lay people who will go a journey to get them."

Such communities as Mr. Hartt suggests will, he says, be loosely organized, if organized at all. They will take no vows, maintain no "rule." They will center around a divinity school. Residents will come and go. We read further:

"We shall then witness a growth of Christian graces sorely lacking—in particular, an informed faith and a broad and generous tolerance. Of uninformed faith we have seen the consequences—people lightly abandoning their religion because they were never taught its meaning. Of intolerance we see a superfluity. It is a natural enough by-product of uninformed faith. People seldom fight over religion when they have examined its foundations; commonly they fight over religion because they are afraid to examine. What the churches need—more than anything else at present—is a lay élite instructed at the seminaries and brigaded with the rank and file."



Keystone View Company photograph

"BROADWAY LOVES STUNTS"

But Dr. Charles E. Jefferson, pastor of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City, has never performed one during his thirty years' successful ministry on the great "White Way." "There are," he says, "enough cabarets and vaudeville shows on Broadway without a church adding to their number."

Sore throat's easiest victims— reducing women!

Neglecting a cold or sore throat is dangerous business for anyone—doubly dangerous for reducing women weakened by strenuous exercises and “canary bird” diets.

For both colds and sore throats often lead to serious complications if not treated immediately.

Look upon throat irritation as a warning, and at the first sign of it gargle repeatedly with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, used full strength.

If rapid improvement is not apparent, consult your physician.

Time and time again, however, Listerine has checked colds and sore

throats before they had a chance to become serious.

Certainly, this pleasant precaution is worth taking during winter and early spring weather when grippe, “flu,” and pneumonia are a constant threat. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A.

Lamb Chops Again!

*Lamb chops and pineapple . . . pineapple and lamb chops . . .
lamb chops and pineapple . . . there is no Santa Claus for the
woman trying to reduce.*



THE NEXT TIME

The next time you buy a dentifrice ask for Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. It has halved the tooth paste bill of more than two million people.

LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic

taken men five years to do had been erased by the tumbling torrent.

In spite of reports that the collapse of the dam resulted from a slight earthquake—reports which have been contradicted by word from seismographic observatories at Denver as well as in near-by communities—there is no reason to believe that the disaster was caused by anything other than a heavy rain, which drenched the Sierras.

This, swelling the great accumulation of water coming from

of the torrent a certain sense that the calamity could not be real. The flood did its work quickly; and did it thoroughly. After it was past, nurses said, there was little for them and doctors to do. It was the undertaker who was needed. "They escaped—or they died," the Associated Press quoted nurses as commenting upon the scarcity of non-fatal injuries.

When the flood had passed, George H. Beale of the United Press Bureau in Los Angeles viewed the devastated area from an airplane. We quote his report:

The jagged remnant of the once great St. Francis Dam looked up like a grim tombstone marking off the spot where scores of persons lost their lives when an avalanche of water swept down upon them.

Starting from the grim reminder of tragedy lay a path of wreckage, desolation, and death.

Instead of the fertile, irrigated valleys of the Santa Clara Basin lay crumbled towns, battered-down houses, and bodies. Railroad tracks were twisted into peculiar designs just as the toy tin railroads often are by children at play.

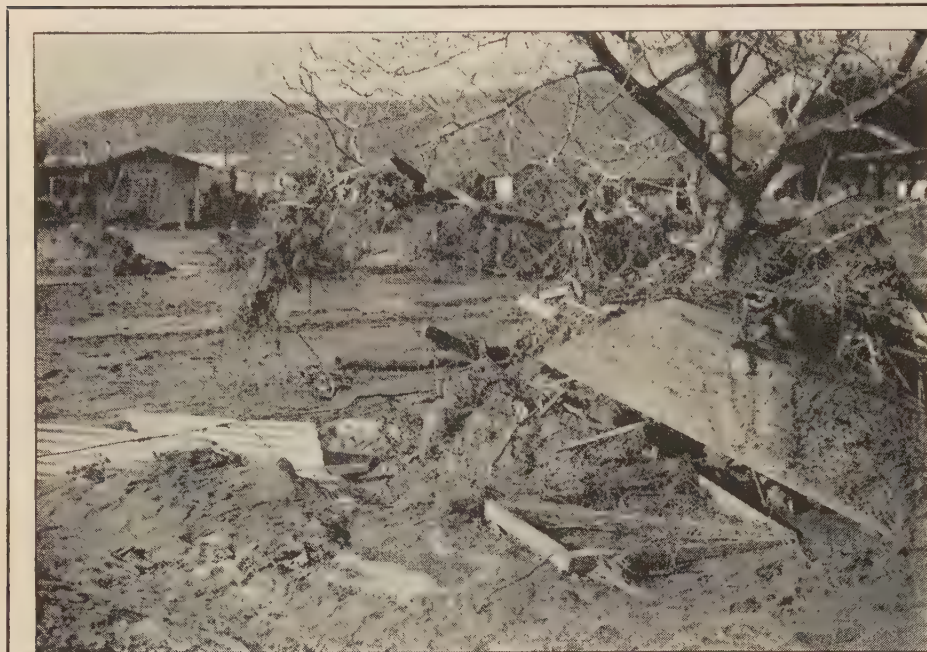
Once great orchards were wrecked. The trees were but sticks whirling along in the great current of the 12,000,000,000 gallons of water unloosed on the valley.

An airdrome was flattened and planes were mired, houses swept from their bases, and either shattered or deposited great distances from their original foundations. Bodies could be seen. Some were in trees. Others lay half submerged on the ground.

As we flew over this new Valley of Death—where once there was a quiet pastoral scene of thriving ranches and busy little cities—we could easily follow the course of the great deluge of water.

Santa Paula, a city of 7,500, appeared to have suffered most. Water reached the second floor of the modern high-school building there. More than twenty blocks of houses had been swept away. The debris was strewn over the roads and flat countryside.

The flying-field at El Rio had been destroyed. The hangar



International Newreel photograph

LIKE THE PATH OF A TORNADO

A glimpse of the chaos left on what had formerly been the orderly little farms of Santa Paula.

the mountain with the melting of the winter drifts, was too much for the dam, which might have, in addition, suffered damage from frost cracks.

The break came shortly before one o'clock this morning, and Los Angeles and the other wealthy cities down on the coastal flats were warned of some mishap, for every light was extinguished as the waters tore down the wires.

The great dark wall of water, fifty feet high, according to some survivors, rolled over Newhall before most of the sleeping residents knew what was upon them. Houses, ripped from their foundations, tumbled crazily end over end before the terrifying sweep of water tossed them on its back and carried them down the valley.

A few messages of warning got through, and swiftly policemen, deputy sheriffs, farmers, and railroad station agents were scurrying madly through the valley to spread the word of danger.

Those inhabitants they roused fled without thought to their belongings, racing for the high ground which the flood would skirt, but many who were not warned, or who were warned too late, never reached the sanctuary of altitude.

All bridges in the upper reaches of the valleys branching out from the reservoir were swept away, twisted from their concrete roots. Railroad tracks were distorted, ties swept away.

From the safety of the hills the valleys could be seen hidden under a sea that still moved, tho with decreasing force, downward toward the Pacific, but which left great lakes and pools as it receded.

The flood waters came quickly and receded almost as quickly, leaving behind scenes of complete and terrible desolation which created in the minds of those who saw the valley after the passage



P. & A. photograph

MOVED TO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET

Among the curious tricks played by the flood in its irresistible sweep was this shifting of a house near the little city of Santa Paula, where the flood spent its most destructive force.

was flattened, and from our position in the cockpit of the plane we could see a battered airplane nosed into the ground. Grotesquely a signboard, advertising a favorite brand of cigars, stood—where houses, bridges, and buildings had been washed away. Six large moving vans stood in the road near



CALLING CLEAR

THE lonely scream of a sea-mew in drenching darkness above a staggering deck . . . the clear thin yelp of a coyote, or the broken song of a cowboy bedding his cattle down at sunset . . . the musical hubble-bubble of a metropolis beating upward against dimly outlined orange-dotted skyscrapers . . . the mellow bay of an ocean greyhound slipping through harbor traffic and away to the endless hunting fields of the sea. . . .

If sounds like these bring a quick sense of suffocation to you, the world is calling clear!

You will do well to listen. For by what standards can a man measure life who does not know the outside world? More than ever before is it necessary for one of culture, of authority, of industrial worth to look beyond the cubby-hole of local satisfaction. There is so much to see!—to learn! And if you but make up your mind—it is so easy to go.

Incomparable Rainier rears her white shoulders above the bronze-green forests of the Northwest—only a day or two away! Within a few short weeks you may see a Hakodate junk wallowing in the blue Pacific swell. Do you ever stop to consider that it is perfectly practicable to find yourself at some near dawn upon the green shoulder



of Seneschal, glimpsing for one priceless moment the immaculate peak of Everest? . . . that the golden sands of Lido with their laughing crowds are a waiting carpet for your feet as you face the purple glory of an Adriatic day? . . . that friends of yours are even now, no doubt, strolling blithely along the Bois de Boulogne or hurrying Cityward past the shadow of St. Paul's?

The American people . . . alert, cultivated, successful . . . are becoming more cosmopolitan with every passing season. Automobiles, steamships, railroads and airplanes are making the wide world familiar to all.

And the last stands of

provincialism are melting away beneath the rising tide of printed information on world happenings. Social events in Europe . . . politics in India . . . the geography of Central America . . . big game hunting in Africa . . . with such subjects practically every modern American has at least a talking acquaintance.

Those who are interested in the modern American market . . . whether it is to sell transportation, hotel accommodation, products of a thousand sorts, or the services of civilization . . . *must bear constantly in mind that they are appealing to a sophisticated public, more cosmopolitan and more responsive than ever!*



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NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO



PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

Saugus. The road was cut off both in front and in the rear of the motorcade.

Huddled groups stood about below, dazed by the tragedy. Some persons apparently were searching for bodies of their loved ones. Others attempted to retrieve household belongings. Dead stock floated in the muddy water or was strewn about the ground.

Where the water had subsided, there was a yellowy waste covering the once fertile earth.

The great dam, which had been the pride of the valley, was battered like some toy. Great chunks were thrown yards away

débris. This is the work to be paid for by the city of Los Angeles from the \$1,000,000 fund appropriated by the City Council. City officials express the hope that within thirty days most of the rehabilitation work would be completed, roads rebuilt, orchards cleared, wells and irrigation ditches again functioning.

The tentative reconstruction schedule provides for completion of the clean-up work within one month, and work will be centered around four construction camps located at advantageous positions throughout the valley.

The City Attorney said that there is special need for immediate work to save the orchards, as sand and débris piled around the trees will kill them, unless quickly removed. This work the contractors will do under the direction of the city.



International Newsreel photograph

GATHERING THE MOURNFUL HARVEST OF THE WATERS

A scene in the dance hall at Newhall, prest into service as a mortuary chapel.

from the base. Some of these pieces of concrete and steel—which had comprised one of America's great engineering feats—had been carried along with the flow of water. They were believed to have battered down some of the houses of the valley.

"Welcome" said the faded floral sign over the door of the Newhall dance pavilion. "Dingy decorations," says the New York World, "left over from Saturday night's festivities still adorned the bare interior. Streamers and lanterns hung from the rafters." But the dance hall was now being put to a strange use. In it fifty bodies lay in rows on tilted boards. This temporary morgue was typical of those all over the region, in Santa Paula, Fillmore, Saugus, Piru, Moor Park, Ventura, and Saticoy. A systematic search for bodies buried in the silt and under débris was carried out, we read in many dispatches; and later still came the rehabilitation work, financed by Los Angeles, and outlined by *The Times* of that city on March 24:

Great quantities of construction equipment, such as steam-shovels, tractors and trucks, will be moved into the valley, and work started on the removal of the silt and

Water troubles have not come singly to Los Angeles. The collapse of the St. Francis dam was simply another of the disasters which have struck the city's water supply since 1924, says the Associated Press. And, reading on, we learn:

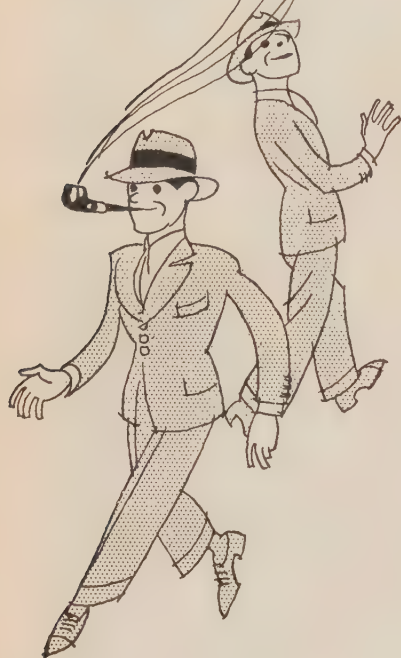
Wrecking of the great reservoir in San Francisquito Canyon came close on the heels of the settlement of the Owens Valley water war between the ranchers of Inyo County and the city, which resulted in several assaults on the long Los Angeles aqueduct system.

One was the wrecking of the No Name siphon by dynamite. Another was the dynamite explosion at Cottonwood, which also tied up the flow of water from the Sierra country, 200 miles away, to the city. The third was the seizure two years ago of the Alhambra gates by a large band of men from the valley, who turned the pent-up water loose in the desert. They maintained control of the gates for several days but finally dispersed.

The water war arose out of charges by Inyo County ranchers that the city had used unfair means to obtain the water rights in the valley, to which Los Angeles officials replied that, in many cases, several times the value of the land had been paid by the city to obtain title to the water.

Investigators for the city uncovered what

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milder



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

was alleged to have been the central ring of the dynamiting conspiracy, and their preliminary trial was in progress at Independence, county seat of Inyo County, when the dam burst, the Associated Press continues. Later, however, we read in an editorial in the Los Angeles Times, the men were released for lack of evidence.

One of the first results of the flood was a wave of indignation against Los Angeles among the dwellers in the valley, who feel that the city has been unfair in its efforts to secure a water supply for itself. "We want Los Angeles to know that it has taken millions from us," a speaker declared at a meeting of a rehabilitation committee of the residents of the valley, according to a dispatch in the New York Herald Tribune. And while this search for a scapegoat was in progress, Mayor George E. Cryer of Los Angeles confessed that the city was responsible for "the stunning catastrophe." As we read on:

Mayor Cryer's words, uttered on his return from the tragedy region, framed the spirit in which three of the four official inquiries were launched. Mayor Cryer said:

"Los Angeles can not restore the lives lost, but the damages should be paid. This disaster was incidental to the operations of the city of Los Angeles in providing a water supply for its citizens. We of Los Angeles must face the responsibility. I do not know how the money can be raised, but legal technicalities must not stand in our way, and the law that must be invoked to do this shall be invoked."

One of the most shocking features of the collapse of the dam was that the structure was less than two years old. As to the cause of the breaking up of the dam, there have been almost as many theories as theorizers. Seepage has perhaps had most adherents. Earthquakes—altho none were registered in the region—were mentioned in many dispatches, dynamite, structural defects, land slips have all been given attention.

The engineering profession, in the absence of definite data, has been cautious in the expression of opinion, but under the title of "St. Francis Dam Catastrophe—A Great Foundation Failure," Nathan A. Bowers, Pacific Coast editor of *The Engineering News-Record*, considers the technical aspects of the San Francisquito Canyon disaster in an article in that journal. His conclusions are sufficiently indicated in the title of the article, of which we read in the New York Sun:

The latter holds that the failure of the dam was rather one of human judgment than of engineering science. It finds that "the present disaster contains no fact or happening that would justify restriction of dam construction," but that

"it should point the need for an effective check on individual judgment concerning foundations where many lives are at stake."

The general conclusion drawn by Mr. Bowers is that the method of foundation construction employed was inadequate to compensate for the fundamental weakness of the underlying rock upon which the dam rested. After a careful consideration of all the evidence given by the conditions which remain he comments:

"Just where the failure began and what was the sequence of the break will probably never be known positively. The several investigations now under way may bring to light further data that will alter the aspect of the situation, but the consensus of opinion among engineers who have examined the break was that foundation conditions were at least an important factor, if not the sole cause of the break. The question of how far grouting would have prevented water from getting into the foundations and how much of a factor this would have been in preventing the break is also being discussed."

Grouting is the sealing of crevices to prevent seepage.

An inclination to place the blame on the foundation is found also in a report of the Engineering Foundation of New York, according to *The Herald Tribune*, which says, quoting the report, that:

"Some engineers, in the absence of exact data, are inclined to think that the fault in the St. Francis Dam of California was not lack of strength of the dam itself, but rather some defect in the foundation."

The Engineering Foundation, said Alfred D. Flinn, director, will issue a detailed report covering the progress of operations on the experimental arch dam constructed by the Foundation's Arch Dam Committee, with the cooperation of engineering societies, government bureaus, power companies, banks, and other organizations, on Stevenson Creek in a canyon of the Sierras, near Fresno, California. The report is being prepared by the American Society of Civil Engineers.

The Stevenson Creek Dam, sixty feet high and 140 feet long, cost \$100,000. Erected for the purpose of being destroyed in the interest of science, it probably will be extended to a height of 100 feet, so that it may undergo tests of greater rigor until it finally bursts.

The dam is shaped like a symmetrical, triangular piece of the side of a round can and stands on its point, curved upstream. It is of Portland cement concrete without steel reinforcement, and with thousands of parts of instruments embedded for making tests. It is 140 feet long on top.

Thousands of measurements of strain, deflection, and temperature have been made with the water at various depths up to sixty feet, and with no water in the reservoir. Despite artificial floods sent against it, the dam still stands.

Engineers and scientists in charge of the experiment declare that the dam should be built higher and tested until it bursts in order that nothing may be left undone to minimize further human economic loss through lack of facts upon which more accurate theories and computations may be based. The tests were directed by Dr. W. A. Slater, of Washington, chief of the Division of Concrete and Masonry Standards, United States Bureau of Standards.

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WHERE BOOTLEGGING FOOD IS A CRIME

WHISTLING CHEERILY in the morning sun, a young peasant is driving his little cart into Moscow, loaded with things that he has raised on his tiny farm. He does not look like a desperate character, but he must be, for he is planning to sell his own cabbages, potatoes, and eggs without a license. In the market-place, a little later, he seems to be doing a lively business, until—but see! The dreaded secret police have arrested him, are dragging him off to jail, and confiscating his little stock in trade. Thus does the Soviet Government punish the new crime of “bootlegging food”! For this peasant has violated the communist law under which everything that a farmer raises—except what he and his family can personally consume—belongs to the Government.

The scene is one of many conjured up by the pages of Mr. E. M. Newman's forthcoming book, “Seeing Russia” (Funk & Wagnalls Company). Mr. Newman, as his “travel-talk” audiences know, has the distinction of being the only man who has been allowed to take photographs all over Soviet Russia, and to bring them out uncensored. To be sure, excited policemen sometimes nearly ran him through with their bayonets before he could show his permit; but that is another story.

Mr. Newman says he did not go to Russia to commend or condemn what the Soviet Government is doing. He merely tried to see things as they were, with eyes open alike to good and bad, and one of the things he noticed was “a well-developed system of food bootlegging.” To avoid paying for a license and being taxed on their receipts, he says, many peasants have developed this secret trading in food products. “If the police arrive, the food bootleggers run, and if they are caught they are fined or sent to jail.”

The Government owns and controls the hotels, as it owns and operates everything else in Russia, Mr. Newman notes, adding:

The system is not always pleasing to the guest, as servants appear to do about as they please. They perform their duties in a manner that may suit the Soviet conscience; but it is far from being the service that guests are entitled to receive in all other countries of the civilized world. When an elevator boy had been particularly insolent and insulting, I warned him that I would report his conduct to the management. He laughed and said: “It won't do you any good. The manager can't do anything.” And when I talked to the manager about the matter, he admitted that what the boy had said was substantially true; nevertheless, he said there had been so many complaints from guests regarding this servant that he was going

before the committee to lodge a complaint and make a spirited request for his dismissal. This from the nominal manager of the leading hotel of Moscow, who formerly was a porter in the same place!

The incident is fairly representative of what is known as the “nationalization” of hotels. Like the railways, banks, industries of all kinds, shops—and everything else in Russia—the hotels were confiscated or nationalized for what is said to be the public good. It is admitted that some of these hotels, formerly as fine as any in Europe, are conducted in what seems to the traveler to be a most slipshod manner, and that they are deteriorating rapidly; but that causes the Government no uneasiness. Why should travelers enjoy luxuries in those palatial hostels, when workers can not enjoy the same privileges?

Among the figures that especially impress the traveler in Soviet Russia were the former aristocrats who have become beggars, and the former women of wealth who barely keep soul and body together by selling home-made articles in the sidewalk markets. Says Mr. Newman:

During the revolution many of the former nobility ran away if they had time; some were killed, but many have been left to eke out a living as best they can. In Russia to-day, the former social scale is reversed; the worker is now on top, the aristocrat is declassed and has no standing. The magnificent homes of the wealthy have been taken over by the Government and filled with workers and their families.

Some of these former aristocrats are in rags, their medals and decorations the only external evidence of their former status; one finds them cleaning the streets, driving droshkies, or doing similar jobs. The women make clothes and knitted articles, which they sell to the passers-by on the street-corners. A complete reversal of the old order! The lady who once lived in a palace with servants to do her bidding, now occupies a room, or more likely a part of a room, where she makes and trims a hat, and then stands on the curb, offering it for sale to the wives of the workers. Many are, perforce, beggars. Frequently a desiccated, disreputable-looking man addresses one in perfect English in the streets of Lenin-grad, in tones unmistakably refined, praying for a few co-pecks or a bite to eat—usually it is food they crave.

One of the remarkable sights of Moscow to-day, according to Mr. Newman, is that of the tramp children, or “wolf boys,”

as they are called—thousands of boys left homeless and parentless by the recent wars. There are great flocks of them in Moscow, and they are found in even larger numbers in the cities of the Crimea, he says, continuing:

It has been observed by travelers that they have a tendency

(Continued on page 49)



“RELIGION, OPIUM OF THE PEOPLE”

This inscription near a popular shrine in Moscow expresses the Soviet Government's hatred of the churches.



Illustrations from “Seeing Russia,” by E. M. Newman

A FEW “WOLF BOYS” FIND A REFUGE FOR A NIGHT

A sample group of the hordes of homeless children, who are described by travelers as begging and stealing their way through the country.

(Continued from page 44)

to steal in the north, while they are beggars in the south. In fact, they follow the climate and drop off the railway trains in swarms, suiting their fancy or inclination. During the day, they usually huddle together in alleys, or even on the curbs of the main thoroughfares, and sleep; in the evening, and prob-

institutions. But, accustomed to a life of absolute freedom, they run away from the confinement of four walls; and restraint is not a Soviet principle, so they are not captured or punished. Even when they are caught picking pockets in the streets of the cities, Soviet officials deal gently with them, fully appreciating their unfortunate condition.



ONCE A ROYAL PALACE—NOW A PEASANTS' HOSPITAL

Convalescent working men now enjoy the sunshine on the terraces of what was formerly the summer home of the Czar's family in the Crimea.

ably during the night, they forage; they make the rounds of restaurants and places of entertainment, and groups of five or six select an *ataman* who begs for them from table to table. They eat what they can get from leavings on the plates, drink what wine and beer is found discarded, bottle and take what they can get to their waiting comrades. Waiters drive them out repeatedly; but they come back, and it has come to be the custom for restaurant diners to leave portions of food for them.

The children seem to be from twelve to fifteen years of age, as a rule, and their character varies, partly on account of their treatment and partly on account of national or hereditary traits. Their number must be estimated, as there are no reliable figures; but it is thought that fully twenty thousand of these unfortunate youngsters are roaming about the country. Their parents were killed during the civil wars and the revolution, or they were separated from them, and it is said that the majority of the waifs have no recollection of the time when they lived at home or were cared for like other children. Naturally, only the hardy ones have survived. They remember only that they belonged to a "pack" that existed in the great forests or in the streets of one of the great cities. In the woods, they lived upon roots, nuts, and probably upon game or birds, which they were able to capture by primitive efforts to survive. When the pack took to the railways, they also jumped aboard and clung to the bumpers, going as far as the train went, or getting off where their companions decided to stop.

Realizing that these children, many of them already a degenerate crew, will become a public menace as they grow older, the Soviet authorities have attempted to shelter them in

ment. I saw artistic treasures in museums, the quantity and quality of which was almost incomprehensible; but I saw palaces from which most of these treasures had come—broken windows, ruined floors, walls, ceilings, and staircases, present occupants by the dozens huddled into the rooms formerly occupied by aristocratic families and their servants. In some of

Mr. Newman says he did not go to Russia to solve any problems, nor did he go to prove or disprove anything. "It was my desire," he declares, "to have my camera at hand at all times to provide unimpeachable evidence of what I saw." More than 300 illustrations in his "Seeing Russia" are the fruits of his long ordeal. As for what he saw, he summarizes it in this striking catalog of contrasts:

Such is Russia under the Soviets—a land of contradictions. Whether this vast communistic experiment is to succeed or not is still a conundrum for time to solve. I had reports of schools of all kinds springing up like mushrooms throughout the land; but I could observe slight incentive to education. I saw how tenderly the infants of working mothers were cared for by nurses in the employ of the State; but I saw thousands of waifs and poverty-stricken peasants, who seemed not to have enjoyed the blessings of a paternal govern-



WHERE THE CZAR SIGNED AWAY HIS THRONE

The "abdication room" in the palace at Tsarskoe-Selo, scene of the Czar's last official act before starting with his family on their journey of doom. This is said to be the only photograph of the historic room made—and it was made under official sanction—since the Soviet Government came into power.

these places, three or four men occupy one room, while three or four wives occupy another, most of them eating cold food because there are no facilities for cooking.

I went to the Hermitage, formerly one of the fashionable gardens of Moscow, and there found workers and their wives

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(Above) Miles of orange groves with snow-capped Mt. San Antonio beyond.



(At left) Belfry of Pala Mission—a luring echo of the days of the dons.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

slouching about the park benches, wearing clothing that seemed to be eight or ten years old, and yet—in the same "undress"—attending fine performances of light opera for an admission price of a few pennies, altho I, dubbed a "capitalist," was obliged to pay about one and one-half American dollars for a seat.

I attended operatic and ballet performances in the magnificent Opera House, and saw uncouth and illiterate folk in fine loges being "uplifted" by the spectacle, but seemingly much more interested in their slovenly, unkempt appearance and in the roasted sunflower seeds which they cracked and ate—after which they blew the pods from their mouths to the carpets. I saw fine Arabian and Russian horses "nationalized" from their former owners, drawing the carts of peasants; and I saw as fine tram cars and buses as may be found anywhere, affording transportation for a short distance for two cents.

I saw former members of the aristocracy standing on the street curbs offering to the wives of workers hats which they had made and trimmed at home; and bootlegging peasants I saw who had brought coarse vegetables to market, and were endeavoring to get a few extra coopecks without paying the tax, while they cautiously watched the movements of policemen. I saw the large reading-rooms and club-rooms provided for the workers; but I also learned that most of them were averaging between sixty and eighty dollars a month for their labor, altho the prices of food are very high. Great museums are being repainted and put into first-class condition; but other building seems at a standstill. Under Soviet law, I was told, divorce is easy; and yet I never saw women more independent nor apparently happier in their liberty. I had heard in America that the women of Russia had been "nationalized"; but I found that this was a vicious misstatement of facts.

Always the paradox! Always contradictions! And when I had encountered enough of this contradictory evidence, I understood the open declaration of the Soviet Government that the revolution is still on in Russia.

From the time he entered Russia to the day he left, Mr. Newman tells us, he had to fight for his pictures. Scores of times he was arrested and taken to the local police station, in spite of his permits; but always he got out by dint of patience or threats. Looking back over the experience, he says:

It was a constant argument with officials, from minor functionaries to the heads of the Government, and including members of the censorship bureau, who had never before permitted such pictures as mine to pass. Yet these pictures actually got through uncensored. Newspaper men and others have asked me how I did it. I attribute my success to the fact that as a public man I have never interfered or mixed in politics or religion. Perhaps for that reason the Soviet Government trusted me. It is possible, also, that my persistence had something to do with my success. I clung tenaciously to my ambition to win out where others had failed, and perhaps the Soviet officials finally gave in rather than have me on their hands any longer.

IN INDIA JEWELS HAVE POWERS OF THEIR OWN

THE fabulous crown jewels of Russia have no attractions for the jewel-loving rich and great of India. There was, for example, the wife of a Calcutta dealer in gems who, wearing some \$150,000 worth of ornaments, and attended by a servant carrying more, showed her treasures to Michael Pym. In one of the boxes which she opened was an exceptional pair of diamond earrings which, she said proudly, had belonged to the late Czarina. Bystanders cried out that it was no wonder that the jeweler's wife was in ill-health, that she had troubles. Surely, we read in an article by Mr. Pym in the New York *Herald Tribune Magazine*:

Every one in India knew by now that the crown jewels of Russia had a curse on them. And there was another jeweler, equally as great as the Calcutta man, to prove it. He had tried to buy all he could of these jewels. And his fortune was wiped away, clean, like butter off the palm of your hand—for no reason. And there was the ex-Maharajah of Nabha—he had bought some. At once he lost his throne. The lady gazed upon the earrings with growing horror. I know that by nightfall she had them no longer. They were sent away at once to be disposed of, even at a loss.

India, in a word, believes in the personality of gems; and to the Indian the emerald is particularly sacred and sought after, we are told. It is the stone of purity, and guards against poison and other ills. To-day the great historic emerald which Akbar wore, and which can be seen in all portraits of Mogul emperors, is on the market. Mr. Pym passes on to tell of some of the famous jewels and jewel collections in India:

The Maharajah of Jodhpur has perhaps the best collection of emeralds in India. His Highness of Palanpur and His Highness of Patiala hold second place in this. The Gaekwar of Baroda also has beauties, but perhaps the most unique thing in his possession is a carpet made solidly of jewels.

This carpet is about four feet long, just big enough for two people to sit on, and every inch is sewn with diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls—an almost incredible sight. But then, Baroda's jewels have been valued by European experts at five million dollars in India—which probably means more elsewhere—and when the Maharanee is fully drest for the coronation she has to be lifted to her feet, her jewels are so heavy. It was from the Gaekwar of Baroda that the late Queen Alexandra, when she was in India as Princess of Wales, got the pearls that made up her famous necklace.

Here enters, in the person of a Mr. Jacob, a well-known character of fiction. Mr. Jacob was trying to sell a certain diamond to the father of the present Nizam of Haidarabad, whose treasure is famous. Mr. Pym tells the story in this style:

Jacob was the original of Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs* and of Kipling's *Healer of Pearls*, in "Kim"; he is one of the Indian's semi-legendary figures. Whence he came, or where, at intervals, he disappeared to, nobody knows. He spoke

"Gimme a Ticket to TEXAS"

HE was perhaps eleven, and he made his request with elaborate carelessness. "Gimme a ticket to Texas."

"Where to in Texas?" the ticket seller asked smiling.

"Oh, anywhere in Texas."

"Half fare to Texas," he was informed with mock gravity, "will cost you \$35."

The young man produced a roll of bills.

Later, under the kindly but firm questioning of station authorities, he confessed that he had taken French leave from home after scraping together enough cash to get to Texas. He was, he said, going to fight Indians.

He, with the money, was returned to his parents.

* * *

An elderly Quaker woman must return to Iowa to be with a sick daughter. Yet who will meet her nephew from Finland who speaks no English and is even now on the high seas?

The ticket agent solves her difficulty.

* * *

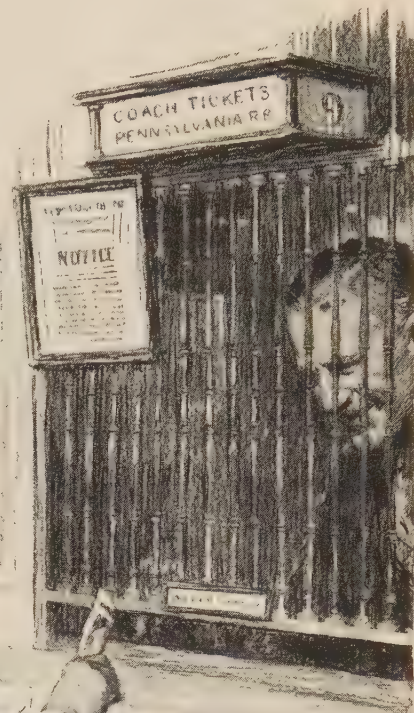
A sick child who must be given special accommodations. A mother who

wants to send money and a ticket to her runaway son.

HUNDREDS of such cases come to the ticket agent's office on the floor of the Pennsylvania Station in New York. Day after day such emergencies are met and woven into the smooth operation of a station through which 150,000 travelers pass daily.

But this is only one phase of the varied and complex work of the ticket agents and ticket sellers.

They must be ever alert to handle accurately and speedily the largest



The ticket agent had been a boy himself. He understood—too well, from the standpoint of this young adventurer!

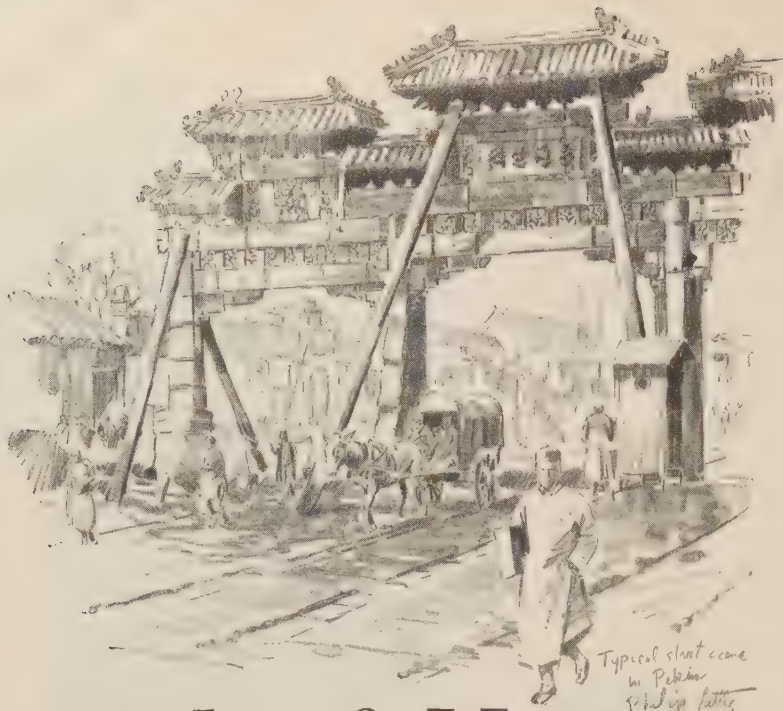
volume of ticket sales and Pullman reservations made at any railroad station in the world—ready at all times to call into play knowledge of transportation facilities to the four corners of the globe and to make suggestions that save the traveling public thousands of dollars every year.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

practically every Oriental language perfectly, and would travel across India like some gorgeous meteor, in a private carriage, magnificently appointed, with his servants in a semi-royal livery of a peculiar red.

Finally, luck turned against him. He had agreed to sell for a French syndicate the valuable diamond I have referred to. His Exalted Highness of Haidarabad took it on approval, paying sixty thousand sterling on deposit. Mr. Jacob speculated with the money, and when the diamond was returned he could not provide the necessary cash. The French syndicate forced him to sue the Nizam, and he lost after many years of fruitless legalities.

When it had been decided against Jacob, the ruined man had a final interview with the Nizam, when the latter told him that had he only come to him frankly he would have lent him the money unhesitatingly. Once a lawsuit was started, however, his honor obliged him to fight it. That was what killed Jacob. He had no successor.

Another story concerns the present Nizam, and shows that the Indian has esthetic as well as commercial sense. Mr. Pym tells it:

A visitor of special importance was going round his treasure houses with him, and came to a room in which were tables piled high with golden sovereigns to the tune of 2,000,000 sterling.

"But, your exalted highness," said the visitor, "don't you know that if you invested this it would bring you, at 5 per cent., £50,000 a year?" "Possibly," replied the Nizam. "But what would I have to look at?" The visitor was silent for a few seconds. Then: "We-ell," he said reflectively, "I guess that's the most expensive picture I've ever seen."

But jewel-owning is not confined to the rich alone, we learn:

Among the lower classes the entire savings of the household are invested in jewelry worn by the women. The Indian does not believe in banks, and even the banya prefers to bury his wealth somewhere in the back garden. That is one of the main reasons why a gold circulation is impossible in India—each bright new sovereign leaving the bank would bid it a last farewell and go almost directly underground.

Fashion has its say in jewelry just as much in the East as in the West. For both men and women the planetary bracelet is very popular. This is made of gold or platinum links set with seven stones, each sacred to its particular planet: the ruby to Brihaspati, or Jupiter; the yellow sapphire to Rahu, or Mercury, and so on. But by stones I mean stones, not something you have to take a microscope to find. The Maharajah of Patiala always wears one, and so do many other people.

Among women the large nose-ring, made of thin gold and adorned with pendant jewels, has gone out except among the peasantry, and those who wear the nose ornament at all prefer a small diamond inserted into the wing of the left nostril. To Western ears this sounds absurd, but it looks very well on the delicately cut noses of the Indians.

Many of the finest jewels of all are

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

the pictures at all if they had not first won the absolute confidence of the native folk.

Of course, altho they wanted to get the animals alive, they were obliged to kill many, to save themselves. And their habit was to cover the animal they were photographing with Cooper's gun while Schoedsack took the pictures. But the Lao peoples do not kill tigers. Quite simply and literally, they let the tigers kill them instead. It is estimated that in the province of Nan between three hundred and five hundred natives have been killed by tigers in the last five years. Dr. Hugh Taylor, the veteran missionary of Nan, who shot two tigers within a few yards of his own house in the "town," told the picture hunters of one village of one hundred inhabitants where twenty people had been killed by tigers in one year—and he told Cooper and Schoedsack, too, when their work was finished, that their jungle activities had decreased the death-rate from tigers by about two-thirds. In spite of the beasts' terrible destruction of human life, the natives will not kill the tigers, because they believe that the animals are possessed by evil spirits and will visit a horrible vengeance upon any human being who slays one.

In one village where the Americans wanted to set a trap, a tiger was causing a reign of terror, and no native would try to harm a hair of his head! They explained that this tiger was the hunting steed of a particular devil who rode him on his devilish rounds, and who, if the tiger was killed, would straightway turn his slayer into a tiger and ride him about the jungle through time immemorial. And when Major Cooper promised, "On my shoulders be it—" they accepted his assurance as meaning literally that. He would serve as the tiger-devil's horse if he killed the tiger!

Cooper had an unpleasantly intimate adventure with a tiger after this, we read:

It was on this tiger hunt that a ferocious creature, caught and caged and being borne by boat down the river to Nan, almost succeeded in gnawing his way out of captivity in the night. Cooper and the men with him tried to chloroform him—he had gnawed through two of his log bars and started on a third—but chloroform had no effect whatever. Finally Cooper hit upon the ridiculous-sounding, but effective, expedient of feeding him bamboo sticks. Fortunately there happened to be a great many bamboo sticks on the boat! And after the man-hunter had chewed up a number of these in rapid succession, he went to sleep. That was when Cooper—the boat being small and the tiger occupying most of it—got on top of the cage and went peacefully to sleep himself!

Many pictures, of tigers, leopards, bears, and other beasts, were got by trapping the animals, and then photographing them when they were let loose, we are told; thus:

The picture of the tiger chasing Kru was taken in this way; the tiger ran after the Siamese for thirty yards, covered with guns the while. A fellow explorer has stated that wild animals kept in captivity for a few days, and not fed, become somewhat

dazed, and move about slowly when they are released, instead of making a straight rush back to the jungle, and that in this way they become less difficult to photograph. This information does not come from Cooper or Schoedsack or their representatives, but it nevertheless bears the likelihood of accuracy.

Many other pictures were simply waited for, at the crossing of trails, and, especially, at water-holes. Schoedsack and his camera in a camouflaged shelter, Cooper near by with his gun, they waited for hours, and the next day they came and waited again. Sooner or later, beasts would come to the water-hole. The men just waited. In the case of the picture of the tiger drinking, they waited almost a month. Schoedsack has rated patience above courage in the requirements of his job. It was on one of these occasions, however, that the tiger jumped up the tree.

CLEAR THE TRACK FOR THE OVERLAND \$7,400,000 SILK FREIGHT FLYER

A WHISTLE screamed, a brilliant light leaped out of the darkness and a minute later the silk special groaned and clanked to a stop at a Canadian station. Four minutes later the special was pounding away again, with fresh engine and fresh crew, at fifty-five miles an hour. Mr. Robert H. Davis was on the Confederation Limited, headed for the Pacific coast, when the train stopt on a siding for the silk flyer, the passage of which he describes in his New York *Sun* column, thus:

Craving a breath of the night air, I stept down on the right of way. A mixed company of natives, which included Indians, farmers, trainmen and travelers, were lined up along the tracks.

"Why?" I asked.

"The silk special is coming through in two sections," said the conductor. "The largest shipment that ever crossed Canada. Twenty-one cars, all told, carrying 7,300 bales valued at \$7,400,000.

"All silk?" inquired a woman passenger from the States, catching her breath.

"Twenty-eight tons to the car, madam," was the thrilling response. "The express charges are \$9 a hundred pounds; a matter of about \$100,000 to land the shipment in New York from Japan via Vancouver, on a running schedule of eighty hours. This train has the right of way over all others. It is now 1,958 miles out of Vancouver and is twenty-one hours ahead of the passenger trains that left there four hours in the lead. Royal mail, special trains limited passengers all give way to the silk specials. They cross the Dominion twice a month. The whole of the United States and Canada must wear silk. This is the route along which it comes to the market. All else must wait."

The good woman liberated a long sigh of ecstasy, and became immediately spell-bound. Silk. Silk. Silk. Soft shimmering, clinging, beautiful silk. What untold and indescribable joys existed for myriad women in that one shipment from a billion productive cocoons!

The special roared into the station and out again on its way to the United States, and Mr. Davis says:

As it melted into the distance I thought of the old pony express days, when the

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

frontiersmen, riding through hostile coun-
try, bore a single sack of mail laden with
letters that had been long in coming—and
sometimes never came. Here was the same
idea, but instead of horses there were
engines, perhaps thirty in all, picking up
the silk special from section to section
and hastening onward to the capitals of
luxury.

Beside me stood an Ojibway squaw, her
papoose on her back. She knew that the
cargo of that rolling warehouse contained
the material that would seem soft against
her brown skin. A farmer's wife, dreaming
of the day when she would have a whole
garment of that seductive fabric, eyed the
mysterious locked and guarded cars with
an X-ray vision. Country girls, on the
arm of rural beaus, bathed in the glamour
of the event, and whispered to one another.

"Which car contains the silk stockings?"
asked a débutante who had won the full
approval of an inspector.

"Nothing like that, miss. The stuff is
all raw in skeins. Not made up yet. Just
baled, waiting for the cleaners and the
spinners."

"What color is it?"

"A sort of a pale cream in tone. It is
bleached and dyed and tinted later."

"But it is pure silk?"

"Ab—so—lutely. And it will never be
purer than it is now. You know that."

Up and down the siding the story of
silk rippled and splashed. The men
assumed an expression of boredom, and not
a few were inclined to inject a bit of
sneering. But the ladies glowed and
babbled and wondered. Every daughter of
Eve was anxious to see Section Two come
leaping out of the shadows.

Like Section One it came with a rush.
The interval of half an hour had not
diminished the interest. The feminine
imagination, ever fecund, had built up
towers of wonder. One would have
thought that a shipment of diamonds, to
be distributed free of charge, had suddenly
appeared along the Canadian National
right of way. But the stern regulations of
the soulless corporation limited the halt to
four minutes. Armstrong was but one of
the breathing spots for the silk special—
an oasis that occurs on an average of every
147 miles.

"We have no time to dawdle," said
the engineer. "We are allowed three hours
at Vancouver to load the shipment which
comes from Japan by steamers. There
is no special equipment necessary to handle
this business. The regular crews and one
of our standard passenger engines pick up
the train from section to section and
hustle it along all in the day's work. This
is the first time we have ever run a double-
header, but it was piled into Vancouver
by the ships from the Orient, and we had
to take it on. The demand for silk in the
New York market is so great that we look
for double-headers to become a regular
thing.

"Insurance to guarantee delivery?
You've said it. One thousand dollars an
hour for every hour or part of an hour that
we are late."

"Pretty stiff," I commented, "for a
transcontinental run."

"Yes, it would be, if we ever were late.
But so far we have put the silk into New
York over the Lehigh the hour it was due.
'Ladies must live,' as the saying goes."



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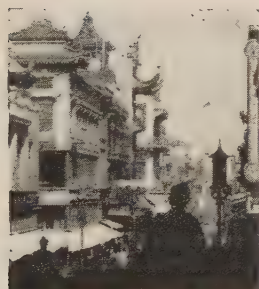
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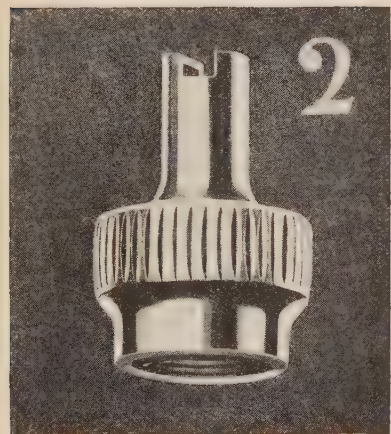
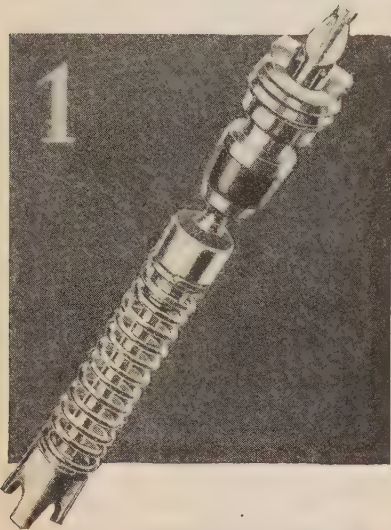
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TIRE VALVES · TIRE GAUGES

WHEN FIRE SENT THE WAXWORKS TO JOIN OTHER MEMORIES OF "THE GAY NINETIES"

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT grew thinner while you watched him. Charlie Chaplin slumped unnaturally in his chair. Charlotte Corday, forgetting her designs upon the life of the bathing Marat, dropt her knife. Lindbergh, Gerald Chapman, Leopold and Loeb returned to their original wax. And hard-boiled reporters and ironical-minded editorial writers abandoned themselves to a mood of mellow sentiment for a bygone day in recording and commenting upon the destruction of the Eden Musée waxworks in a Coney Island fire. Men and women who were children during the "Gay Nineties" when the waxworks, then on Twenty-third Street in New York, were in their prime as an amusement enterprise, recalled this treat of their adolescence with a start. "Few of us knew that the Opium Den and the torments of the Inquisition were thrilling younger generations on Surf Avenue," says the New York *Herald Tribune* in an editorial, and then, in a news story, proceeds to catch up on history:

Samuel W. Gumpertz bought the old collection of wax figures fifteen years ago, gave them a good home on Surf Avenue, Coney Island. He added to the company such celebrities as cropped up in the day's news from time to time. The investment proved sound. In spite of the lure of the agile shadows of the movies, the substantial figures of the waxworks still had their public and drew it.

Instead of being rivals, the motion-pictures even contributed to the Eden hall of fame, and one of the most popular groups was that of some of the highest-paid stars of the films, including Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Milton Sills, and Dorothy Gish, all in opulent evening dress, seated at a dinner table with a silver service and exquisite viands before them.

It was a good drawing card, but it was a mistake to include these temperamental personages. The Eden Musée should have stuck to its opium dens, its figure of Lincoln freeing the slaves, its gambling den, the substantial, untemperamental figure of William Howard Taft, and such. You can count on that kind of people. They never set an old-established waxworks show afire, and they have their public, too.

The Hollywood contingent was included, however, whatever may have been the misgivings of Mr. Gumpertz, and it was right there that the trouble started. Lillian Seeger, sixteen-year-old daughter of the manager, William Seeger, was passing through the museum from their living quarters at the back of the building to a telephone booth in the lobby, when she saw the flames.

They had started right beside the chair of Charles Chaplin. His wistful figure already was assuming an unnatural droop, his face was lengthening, and beneath the horrified gaze of Lillian his chin melted and ran down on his waistcoat, while flames enveloped his entire figure.

Lillian forgot about the telephone call. She rushed out into Surf Avenue and flung open the first fire-alarm box she saw. When the firemen arrived, the building, about 150 feet by 75, was filled with

flames. The heroic, bizarre, and horrible figures within it were melting one by one and adding their wax to the conflagration.

There are many in whom the springs of wonder have become somewhat run down who sadly recollected forgotten raptures, the *Herald Tribune* editorial continues, painting this word picture of the reflections of the middle-aged:

Some of them, also, must have been taken back to a morning's shopping among the great department stores of West Twenty-third Street in 1898, where the cry of "Cash" sent mininettes in black alpaca scurrying through crowded corridors; to Purcell's restaurant for a chicken patty and a plate of vanilla ice-cream, and then to the world of wonders that is no more. Only Dante, descending into the eternal bonfire with Æneas, could have known a sweet terror comparable to the one felt by the youngsters going down-stairs to the Chamber of Horrors in the basement of the Eden Musée. Alas! the conflagration at Coney Island has destroyed vestiges of a great emotional experience for many thousands who wore guimps or Eton collars back in '98 or Naughty-naught.

And the same journal professes to be greatly encouraged by the discovery that in the motion-picture age the waxworks continued to pay:

It argues a state of health in the Republic that until the other day preadolescents were still sufficiently moved by these exhibits to make them a paying business. The blasé "movie fan" of nine or ten years, after all, may not be dominant in the oncoming hosts that will relegate us to the spare room and a place at the side of the dinner table one of these days. When, apropos the Eden Musée, we quaver: "Forgive an old man's memories," etc., there will be a few at least who will respond to our reminiscences with a sympathetic glance.

The only discordant note in the chorus of gently melancholy reminiscence is uttered by Mr. Heywood Broun who, writing in his column in the New York *World*, approaches the subject in a psychologically critical mood, declining to join in the weeping for the waxworks. "I paid my toll of tears to them when young," he declares, proceeding:

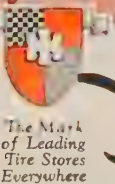
Up from the Chamber of Horrors I brought a terror, and there was many a night during which sleep sheered off because of vivid memories. Probably the wax has been shuffled about a bit since my day. Maybe in the recently melted collection there was no group frankly depicting a gentleman being burned at the stake by savage red men. By some ingenious contrivance his head moved from side to side, altho everything else in the tableau was frozen.

If it were possible to blot out anything in past experience, I would gladly pay \$250 never to have seen this particular exhibit at the Eden Musée. Indeed, why not be generous and raise the bid to a thousand, since there is no great likelihood of an acceptance of this offer for immunity from an old wound? If only he had not moved

MANY a shortcoming can hide behind an outer mask of quality in tires. General has always made a beautiful tire to look at and every tire that General makes bears its name—but the outstanding preference it enjoys is due to qualities that go deeper than the tread—qualities you can see and feel as well as prove in service.



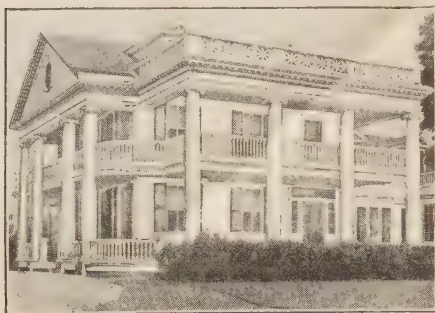
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

his head! The Indians were lifelike enough. One held a tomahawk raised above his head. But they were not active. Nor was the fire particularly convincing. It was the poor trapt hunter who did the trick. Fascinated, I stood for many minutes waiting to see the eyes of the figure as he swung his head toward me.

The adult persons who escorted me tried after the first five or six minutes to lure me away, promising that I should see a group concerning other Indians, and these of India. Later I had the privilege of coming upon this merry conceit. It concerned an elephant and a young child on which the animal happened to be stepping at the precise moment the sculptor felt impelled to immortalize the incident. This, too, I have remembered with some misgiving, but in this case it was possible to look and run. There was no movement.

Many of the other charming sights of the old Eden Musée are fortunately forgotten. There was, I think, one of a young lady drowned and at the bottom of the ocean. And some one sat in the electric chair with witnesses about, and the executioner ready at the switch. According to the papers, one of the most famous groups depicted Lincoln in the act of freeing all the slaves. The more peaceful historical scenes are not retained by the mind of the very young. Nothing but the Chamber of Horrors made much impression on me. There was a waxen policeman in the lobby, and up-stairs a mechanical chess-player who swept the pieces to the floor whenever an opponent tried to cheat him. And all the rest which I remember are the horrors of the basement.

But *The World* itself, which frequently fails to react in precisely the same fashion as its Mr. Broun, joins the rest of the lookers-backward in spirit, altho actually it devotes its speculation to the future:

One wonders whether Mr. Gumpertz, the owner, will make any effort to replace the collection. Waxworks do not have the appeal for the public that they once had. Furthermore, they are expensive. It is not commonly known, probably, that the proprietor of a museum goes to a great deal of trouble to get his pieces together. He employs a sculptor to fashion the wax into the likeness of the person to be represented, and provides him with a sizable studio to work in, all fitted up with molds, papier-mâché legs, arms, and torsos, and great pots suitable for melting wax. When the head has been completed he buys real human hair for it and has it stamped into the wax two or three strands at a time. He buys proper costumers, and gives as much thought to his sets as a theatrical producer. When he has done with a group it may have cost him anywhere from \$200 to \$800.

And this further note of hope it introduces in its announcement that "fortunately, not all of the old Eden Musée figures are lost":

A number of them are still to be seen in Mr. Santangelo's "World in Wax," which is down the street from the building that burned. Here Caruso still strikes a pose in "Pagliacci" on a platform that also holds Florence Nightingale, William J. Bryan, Admiral Dewey, and Jenny Lind.

George V, of England, did occupy a place on this platform, as did Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and Mayor Gaynor; but George was drafted to represent Landru, the French Bluebeard, at that gentleman's execution; and Gustavus Adolphus and Mayor Gaynor were drafted as hangman and spiritual adviser, respectively, at the execution of Whittemore, the Candy Kid.

EUGENE FIELD COULD TEACH FLIP DRAMATIC CRITICS TO WISECRACK

EDDIE FOY was clowning in a Kansas City theater, where a five-year-old boy sat with bulging eyes watching him. The boy had been taken in on passes by Roswell Martin Field, who was the great Eugene Field's brother, and was on the *Kansas City Star*. It would be nice, Mr. Field's small guest reflected, to go to the theater regularly on passes. To-day Alexander Woolcott, who was the small boy, having been true to the determination born at the Foy matinée, makes his living by seeing plays for the *New York World*, and boasts of 2,000 first nights in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin. And yet, he confesses in *Collier's*, "professional playgoing seems to be hardly a career which a decent man would deliberately map out for himself, any more than one would plan an exclusive diet of macaroons or lemon-meringue pie." This, however, would not seem to be a general feeling, according to what Mr. Woolcott says next:

Through sundry channels I am annually made aware that an appallingly large proportion of each class graduated from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Columbia leave the campus secretly, tho vaguely, resolving to become dramatic critics. Certainly this is true of those who are minded to write at all. I don't know why. But so it is.

Among many of the undergraduates at Yale there is, I think, a hazy notion that after the play every dramatic critic goes gaily off to supper with Ann Pennington or Beatrice Lillie.

But, alas, it does not work out that way! After the play, every dramatic critic goes off instead to his typewriter and, besides, most of my colleagues from Boston to Los Angeles are confirmed husbands. In New York the only unplucked rose except myself is George Jean Nathan of *Judge* and *The American Mercury*, whose second seat at the premières is usually occupied by his overcoat (made in London) or by Lillian Gish.

A due time after the Kansas City matinée, Mr. Woolcott joined the staff of the *New York Times*, where, still later, he became dramatic critic. And not unwillingly, considering the possible perquisites of the place. Had his predecessor not married Jane Cowl? However, the profession of dramatic criticism has its drawbacks, we learn:

We were all rendered a trifle uneasy, for instance, when an obscure actor brought suit for \$10,000 damages against Heywood Broun for his having said that this actor had given what seemed to him the worst performance he had ever seen on any stage.

The suit came to trial, and Mr. Broun

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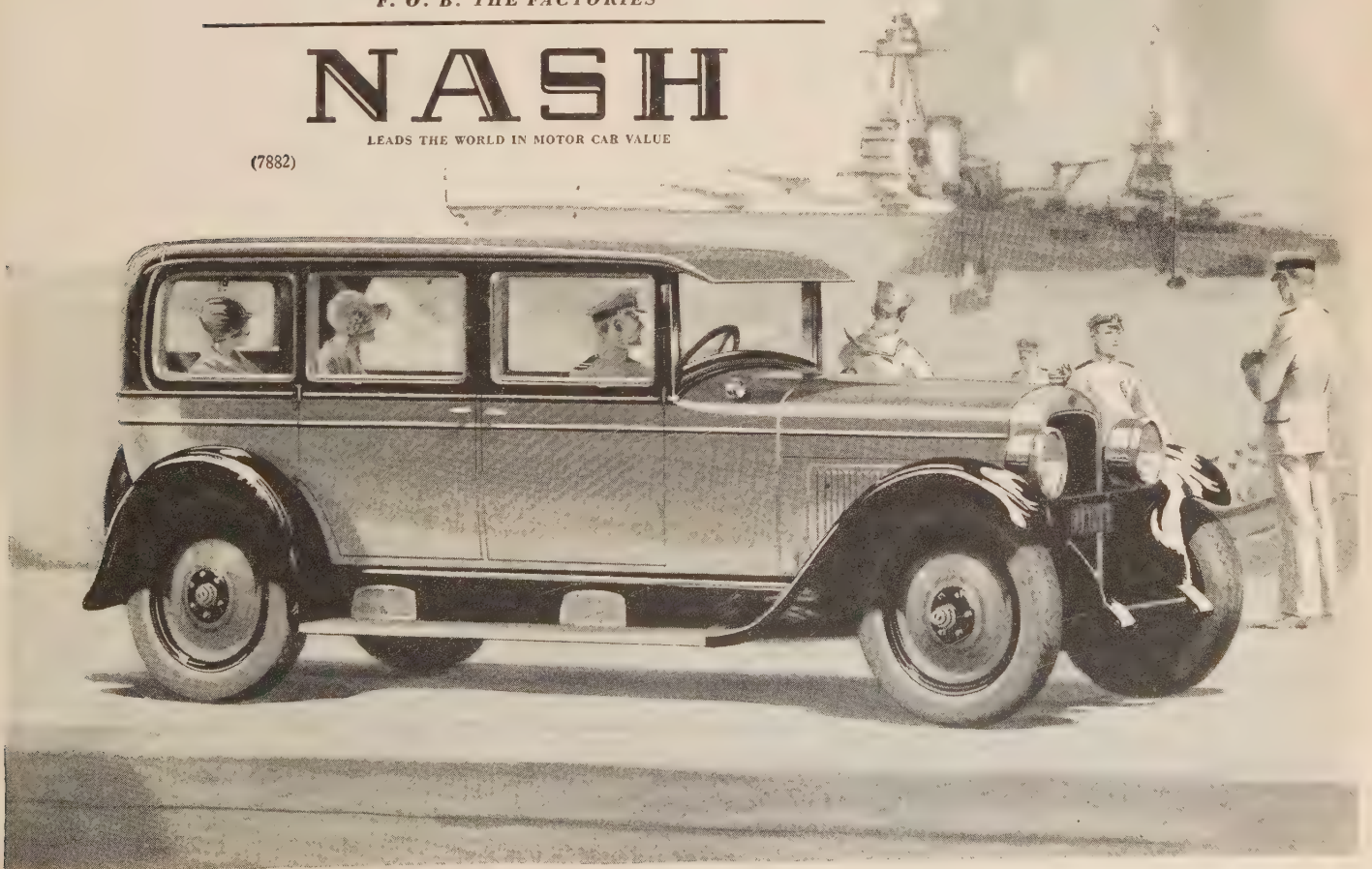
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If you've baked beans yourself, you know that it takes real baking to get that real "baked beans" flavor.

We bake our beans as you would bake them—thoroughly—in ovens . . . It's the *only* way we know to have them mealy, tender, and golden brown in color, with that real nut-like taste without which "baked beans" are not *baked beans*. And remember, only beans that are *baked* can be *labeled* baked.

Developing our own seed for tomatoes for the sauce makes a difference, too. The tomatoes must be plump and juicy and ripe, you know, and used while they still have all their wonderful garden freshness . . .

Then there is one more important ingredient in every Heinz product—the fifty-nine years of experience Heinz has had in making good things to eat. For it is this ingredient that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor.

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

was somehow got into the witness stand (with the aid of a shoehorn, I should think), and an impassioned lawyer rushed at him with inquiries as to whether he meant to tell this jury that a metropolitan newspaper intrusted such delicate matters to the likes of himself.

Did he mean to tell this jury?—etc., etc.—so it went, until the judge woke up and, peering over the bench, inquired mildly whether, after all, the management had not invited Broun to the theater. Well, yes, it had. And hadn't it invited him there to give his opinion, and hadn't the little article he wrote been put forth as his opinion? Yes, yes.

Well, then, ruled the judiciary, to the intense relief of all of us, the question of his intelligence or fitness for his job was scarcely relevant. So out the case went on the sidewalk and dramatic criticism went on its way in America.

Then I myself have known the anguish of being thrown (politely and to establish a point of law) from as many as twenty-two theaters in succession. I also know what it is to be cut dead on the street by several of the best actresses living to-day, all of whom are speaking to me again this season. My private letter files, if ever opened to the public, would reveal countless such variations of attitude. For instance, the data in the John Barrymore file range all the way from charming, neighborly little notes address to me to more carefully considered letters to the publishers suggesting that I be immediately and contemptuously exterminated.

Those files would also give up the letter written by a leading actor who, in a celebrated play, had to be seen writing at his desk throughout one long scene which would end in his crumpling up his note-paper and hurling it into the waste-paper basket. He used to amuse himself during this scene by writing actual letters to people who were, to his obvious regret, still living in New York. The call-boy thoughtfully rescued from that scrap basket and ironed out for my memory book a singularly harsh letter written to me, and setting forth the actor's candid opinion of my general worthlessness.

Even newspapers, in editorials, Mr. Woolcott finds, are given to "deploring the low estate into which dramatic criticism has fallen." We read further:

And, indeed, the chief accusation under which we cower is not that of dishonesty but of flippancy. We are accused one and all of antic dispositions, and are pictured as being ever cheaply jocular at the expense of the sensitive players. Those who thus admonish us have, it strikes me, a needlessly offensive name for such didoes.

They never by any chance call it the Smart-Percy or the Smart-George Jean, but always the Smart-Aleck school of criticism.

And what puzzles me still more is the repeated suggestion that this is some new murrain which has seized the poor old theater. There were wisecrackers before ever that term was invented, and the most frolicsome of my colleagues, who try thus to escape from the sheer glumness of continual disparagement, are just old sober-sides compared to one who was not without honor in an elder day.

All of us, from H. T. Parker in Boston to Ashton Stevens in Chicago, are solemn and decorous fellows compared to Eugene Field, who, long before he wrote those poems for the children who loved him, was the dramatic critic of the *Denver Tribune*.

The players, trooping from the Mississippi to San Francisco, dreaded not so much his printed disparagement as his actual audible protests during the performance. Modjeska, for instance, had a dreadful time with him when she played the younger Dumas' moribund heroine at the Tabor Grand in Denver.

In those days everybody played *Camille*, each actress priding herself on her method of indicating the dread consumption with which that remorseful lady was wasting away. One did it with a hectic flush; another with a handkerchief ever prest to the lips; Modjeska did it with a cough. And as if he fain would contribute a kind of oral dramatic criticism to the chronicles of the stage, Field prepared for her Denver engagement by retiring into a meadow and there in solitude practising a cough of his own which, those who heard it tell me, was an amazingly sepulchral detonation.

Then, when the performance came and Modjeska let out her first talented whoop from the stage, Field responded antiphonally from the fourth row on the aisle.

Thus it went throughout the act until the duet was broken up by the ushers, who led the *Tribune's* dramatic critic into the night.

And now, because of this season's unusual rush of first nights, Mr. Woolcott seems to be tired of it all, *The Editor and Publisher* tells us, regarding the hard life of professional first nighters; thus:

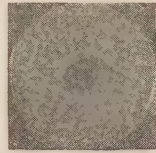
At the moment, it appears that the fury may cause at least one casualty in the ranks of the critics. Alexander Woolcott, who was Sergeant Woolcott in the World War, has found the pace so much faster than reporting the Marines in action in France for *The Stars and Stripes* that he has definitely informed Herbert Bayard Swope, his executive editor, that when his contract expires in May, he won't sign the dotted line again. He is going to leave May 19 for his usual vacation in Naples. He hopes to keep away from Broadway openings for the full twelve-month, believing that a sabbatical year is necessary to the sanity of play-reviewers.

Efficient Female.—Our correspondent concludes her letter with a story. One of our Governors, it appears, paid a visit to a State institution for those suffering from mental disease. In the yard was an inmate pushing a lawn-mower and muttering the word "Norma." Asking for an explanation, the Governor was told that Norma was the name of the girl whom the youth had loved, and that her inability to return the compliment had affected his mind. Inside the building the Governor saw a man in a padded cell. This unfortunate turned out to be Norma's husband.—*New York Evening Post*.

Business First.—YOUNG MRS. GREEN (at bank-teller's window)—"I wish to open an account here."

TELLER—"Very well, madam. How much do you want to deposit?"

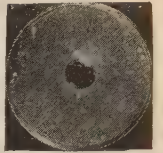
MRS. GREEN—"Why, nothing. I want to draw out forty dollars."—*Dallas Hurry Back News*.



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New faces... new names on doors... The man who drifts from job to job is more to be pitied than condemned.

For generally he is the victim of a little lapse in personal care that makes health none too good and friends too few. His trouble can be traced to germs that fill the air we breathe.

They prey on health and spread disease. Often they cause bad breath—the danger signal of more serious troubles. In the keen competition of business, only the fittest survive. No office wants a man who is forever frail in health and friendless. So now take every precaution to protect yourself.

And remember . . .

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Breath
IS BAD
NEWS



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Forhan's
ANTISEPTIC
REFRESHANT

Now science has perfected this safe antiseptic mouthwash that wards off mouth and throat infection and removes bad breath—little but important things that often cost a man his job.

Tested in the laboratory in competition with other popular mouthwashes, Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant proved its worth.

It removes danger that lurks in cold and sore throat. It soothes inflamed tissue and renders offensive germs harmless. It removes the cause of bad taste and bad breath (except in case of focal infection).

No telltale odor... Refreshing and clean in taste. You'll like this new antiseptic mouthwash and the way it keeps breath and taste sweet. Use it—every morning, every night. All druggists, 35c and 60c. Get a bottle.

FOR MOUTH, BREATH AND TASTE HYGIENE

BEASTS - BIRDS - AND - TREES

GROWING SWEET POTATOES FOR WILD ELEPHANTS

ALL NIGHT LONG noise and confusion echoed from the sweet-potato plantation. The earth trembled, even, under the trampling, like receding thunder, of heavy bodies. Repeatedly there sounded hoarse animal calls, prolonged

Johnsons, she reminds us, do not go hunting and exploring for relaxation, but for business, and, accordingly, they want as much comfort and home life as possible.

The Johnsons have devoted some seventeen years to wild animal photography, she continues. And Mr. Johnson, in a separate article in the same magazine, submits the paradoxical thesis that the better an animal picture is made the less exciting it appears to be—even to the extent of making a wild elephant look “hardly more dangerous than a slightly discontented cow.” When a movie patron says that an animal film is not exciting, art and skill have defeated themselves.

Home-making magazines in the land of civilization are filled with systematizing plans, budget charts, and things like that, remarks Mrs. Johnson, continuing to speak of her problems:

If system is necessary in the stationary, permanent home surrounded with all of the conveniences and services of the city, with a telephone handy to take care of any immediate household emergency, then system is about ten times as necessary on safari [expedition], where one has to carry along everything for living, including all the civilization that is necessary to comfort.

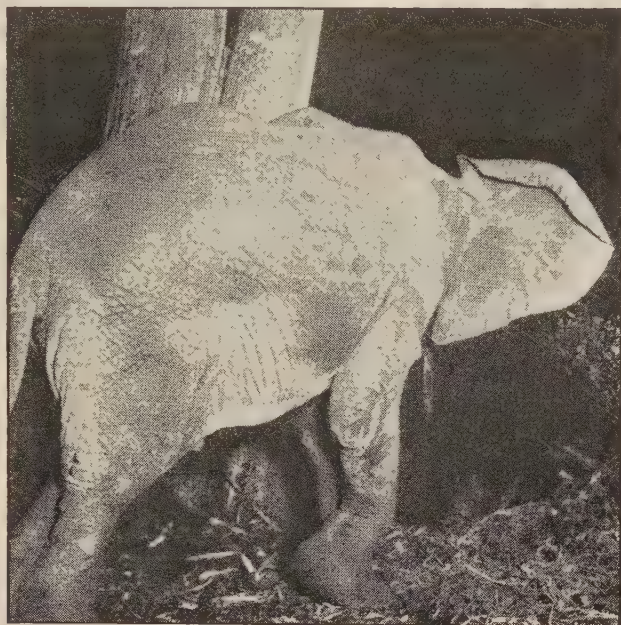
On the occasion of the last trip to Africa, she tells us:

We had to plan to take with us to Lake Paradise all of the equipment we were going to need, and enough supplies for at least a year. A great many housewives fret trying to decide what to serve for dinner to-morrow. In Africa the problem was what to have for dinner for maybe about three hundred to-morrows. To help the systematic administration of affairs we built a “store” as a part of our Lake Paradise establishment. In this building stocks of foods, canned goods, flour, sugar, coffee, and everything of that sort, were stacked around on shelves.

This enabled us to keep track of the rate of consumption so we could replenish when necessary. It helped to keep down waste, too. African native servants have no very provident notions, and they never heard of economy.

We took along garden seeds and tools and a few coops of chickens on our trek, to be prepared to do a tiny bit of “homesteading.” So I had a garden, with vegetables that we needed to make it seem like home, and many of the garden flowers that we have back here in the United States, even roses.

My little flock of seventeen chickens flourished and multiplied rapidly. I soon had two hundred. Then one night a prowling leopard got into the yard and the next morning I had only one

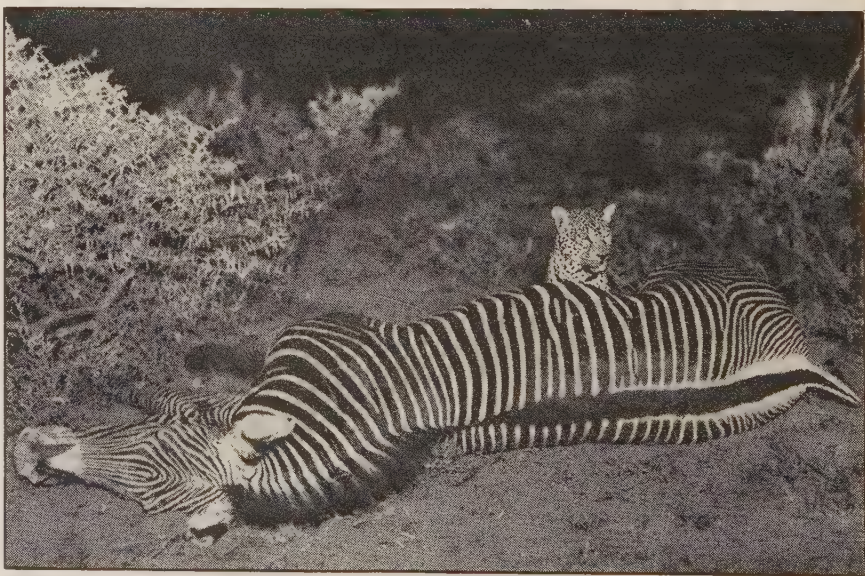


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Photograph by Martin Johnson

WHO SAID SWEET POTATOES?

If you have ever tried to shoo a contented cow out of a corn patch, you can picture an elephant's approval of the white man's garden truck.

and resonant, like blasts on a trumpet. And at brief intervals the scene was lighted, for a split second, to more than daytime brilliancy by a lightning-like flash, accompanied by a hollow “Pouf!” The wrecking of the sweet-potato plantation continued, unhindered and unabated. The despoiled owners made no move to save their property. Instead, they lay snugly in bed, listening with satisfaction; and when their room flamed into visibility in one of the flashes, they smiled, one at the other. In the morning Mr. Martin Johnson, maker of animal motion-pictures, took several cameras, which he had set about the sweet-potato plantation the night before, into his laboratory in the heart of Africa, hoping that he had some good flash-light pictures of elephants. Mrs. Johnson, meanwhile, kept a force of native workers busy setting out new sweet-potato plants for the benefit of future elephant visitors. “There is a standard joke about the small boy who works his way into the circus by carrying water to the elephants,” Mrs. Johnson writes in *Natural History* (the journal of the American Museum of Natural History), “but Martin worked his way into a lot of very fine elephant pictures by having his wife run a sweet-potato ranch.” Mrs. Johnson is concerned chiefly with the technique of home-making on expeditions, years long, into jungle and desert. The



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GRACE BEFORE MEAT

Master Leopard's pious expression might suggest the above interpretation, altho he may have been merely embarrassed by the unexpected flash-light.

WRITE US

your opinion of this *menthol-cooled* smoke

Is it really cool?
Does it actually soothe
the throat?
Does it banish that
smoked-out feeling?

* * *

Questions...questions...questions.
No cigarette ever before stirred up
such questions. No cigarette ever
before changed so many smokers'
ideas and prejudices.

Spud seems to be the most dis-
cussed, most condemned, most ac-
claimed cigarette in the world...
and thriving mightily on the com-
motion.

* * *

Then there are reports:
About the officers of Uncle Sam's
Navy... they're taking up Spuds.

About a D. S. C. Colonel... he
tried a Spud... damned it... came
down with a cold and tried another
Spud... is now its missionary among
all his friends.

And from Yale... that Spud was
discovered within the Harkness
Quadrangle.

* * *

All this has happened in one brief

year. We are pleased, but wonder-
ing what it's all about.

* * *

Won't you write us your opinion
of Spud?

Smoke one... reflectively. Post-
pone judgment until you're over
the initial shock of surprise. The
first puff will be decidedly cool.
With succeeding puffs, the coolness
will taper off. With succeeding
cigarettes, your mouth will grow ac-
customed to the lower temperature
...the fine tobacco flavor will pre-
dominate. But, as you smoke, you
will notice other and extraordinary
sensations... an actual moistening
of the mouth... a pleasant throat
feeling... a clearness through nose
and head.

* * *

Then write what you think of Spuds.
Tell what kind of a smoker you
are... how Spud struck your fancy
... what effect it had on you.

Help us to discover why all
America is taking up Spud... how it
is using Spud... why all the discus-
sion? Just write a letter of 300 words
or less. \$4,000 cash prizes will be
given for the best letters. \$1,000
cash is the first prize. Other big
cash prizes. 559 prizes in all. Write
just as you would to a friend. Here
are the contest details.

\$4,000 CASH PRIZES

for the best letters on "What I think
of Spud Cigarettes."

1st Prize	\$1000
2nd Prize	500
3rd Prize	250
4th Prize	100
Next 5 Prizes \$50 each	250
Next 10 Prizes 20 each	200
Next 40 Prizes 10 each	400
Next 100 Prizes 5 each	500
Next 400 Prizes 2 each	800

559 Prizes in all, totaling \$4000

THE JUDGES:

FREDERICK C. KENDALL, Editor of "Adver-
tising & Selling".

JOHN LEE MAHIN, Vice-President, Street
Railways Advertising Company.

FLOYD W. PARSONS, Feature Writer, Editorial
Director of several business papers and special
writer for The Saturday Evening Post.

CONTEST DETAILS

1. Write a letter of 300 words or less, describing
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communications acknowledged. No manuscripts
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES *Continued*

hundred. I might have spared a half-dozen to a leopard, but, somehow, I think a hundred broilers at a time are really too many for any cat.

We had plenty of cows, and every third day we had freshly churned butter. Also we had a little portable ice-machine, operated by hand power, so that on special occasions we could even indulge in ice-



Copyright by the American Museum of Natural History, New York. Photograph by Martin Jonsson

A GLIMPSE FOR A NATURE POET

After drinking at Lake Paradise, we are told, these gentle forest dwellers—Abyssinian bushbuck—"started up the trail and photographed themselves by touching a wire."

cream. There is a great thrill in a mere dish of ice-cream when it happens to be served out in the desert, half-way around the world from New York.

Mrs. Johnson contrived to get a good deal of home atmosphere into the Lake Paradise place. Because of the nature of the available materials and the native methods of construction, each room was made a little house by itself, she tells us:

My boudoir was a thatched-roof house with mud and stick walls. It sounds crude enough, but really the interior was as feminine and civilized as any woman could wish. I had it floored with boards taken from cases of tinned goods. The walls were smoothed and tinted with a wash of pink clay that gave a wonderfully soft, chalky color quite as handsome as any interior decorator could contrive. And I had cretonnes and soft, skin rugs, and chairs, also made from packing-boxes, with cretonne covers on them. My black maid kept it as neat as could be, after a long course of lectures on the subject. I could come off of safari and get out of corduroys, and khaki clothes, and boots, and slip into fluffy feminine things in this room and forget all about the excitements of the chase in a moment. Once inside that room

one could imagine it a boudoir in a Long Island bungalow or any country place.

Now we turn from the background of home life in the wilds to Mr. Johnson's description of his share in this unusual, nomadic marital partnership. When Mr. and Mrs. Johnson made their first trip to Africa, animal photography seemed easy enough—until they tried it. From the train, traveling between Mombasa and Nairobi, they saw thousands of head of wild game—wildebeeste, zebra, tommies, grants, ostriches, giraffes, wart-hogs, kongoni, and eland. There was nothing to it, they told themselves, in effect. But disillusionment came quickly:

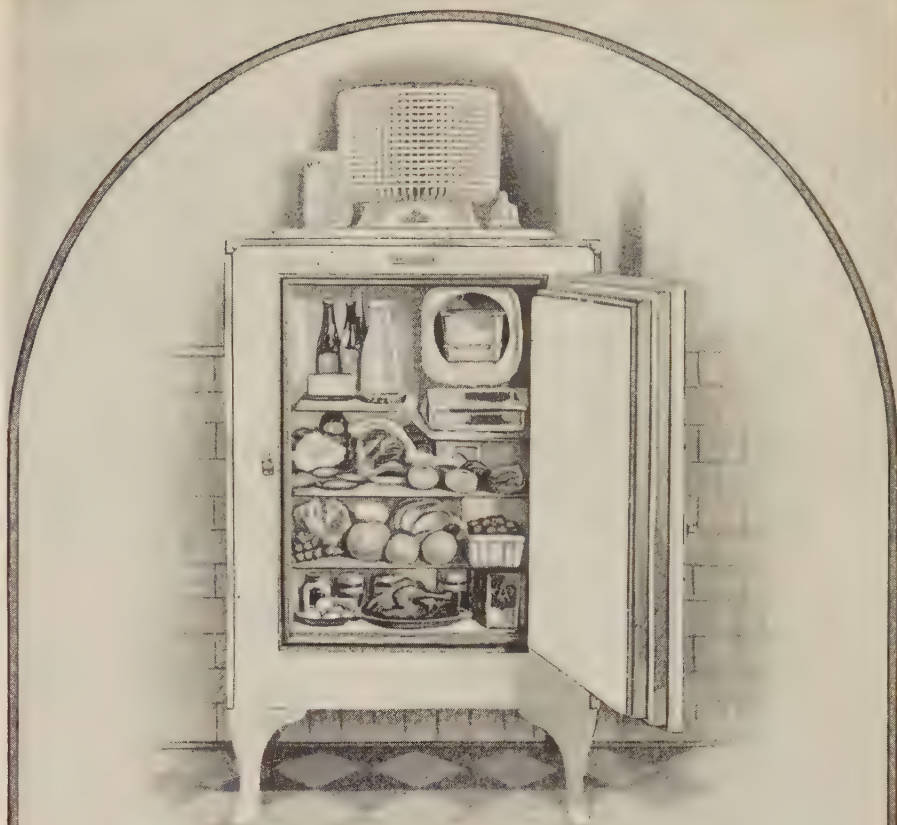
Two weeks after we had equipped our safari in Nairobi we were out on the Athia plains in our first camp. Game was everywhere, but the stubbornly suspicious animals would not let us get within camera range. For the first three weeks we got nothing but extremely long-range scenes. Then we tried building blinds, and we spent endless hours in them waiting for the game to come down to the water-holes. But there were too many water-holes and the whimsical, suspicious animals chose to drink elsewhere. They would not come near our blinds.

The problems encountered in picture-making are many and complex. The camera makes certain demands. There must be fair light, Mr. Johnson explains, and continues:

The blind must be as perfect a bit of camouflage as possible. The animals have a critical eye. They do not admire a conspicuous blind. It offends their taste in landscape and challenges their sense of discretion. They do not enjoy having their Africa tinkered with, and they do not like the click of a camera. African animals have only two lines of action with reference to it. They either run from it or at it. Neither treatment is entirely satisfactory.

Most of the members of the numerous antelope family and the other grazing animals like the giraffe and zebra can be photographed from blinds. Also now and then one gets a chance at the lions and leopards and other beasts of prey which follow the herbivorous animals to the water-holes. But there are animals in Africa which seldom or never drink—the gerenuk, for instance. It is by the merest chance that such animals stray within the range of a water-hole blind. They must be stalked afoot by the camera man. It is always a stern chase, which is notoriously a long chase—with usually nothing more to reward the effort than a handsome rear view of a vanishing animal with his tail waving good-bye as he goes over the hill.

Then there is the elephant which presents a special set of problems to the camera hunter. The elephant sleeps through the day and eats in the cool of the evening and night. We spent weary weeks following various small herds before we could catch them under light conditions which would permit the making of satisfactory pictures, and even then we did not know enough of their habits to be able to get close to them. We tried to solve our elephant problems by employing an expert, Boculy, probably the greatest of all the black elephant trackers in Africa. But then we often got too close, and probably spent more time getting out of their way than we did making pictures. We had been out on safari for a little



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

more than a year when Osa and I took stock of our results. We had spent a large share of the money appropriated for our expedition and we felt we did not have enough animal pictures to make a satisfactory production. We decided we would simply have to take more chances and get closer to the animals, or the whole project would be a disastrous failure. So we threw caution to the winds and went back at it. The fun started. To get these pictures of the elephant in his own private home life meant the invasion of places where we were never supposed to be, in terms of any common sense. Often we had to run for our lives, and once we had to shoot our way out of a very bad mix-up.

Politics hinder, too, sometimes. On the last safari, we learn further, photography from blinds was made more difficult by shifting of tribes and resulting disturbances around water-holes. But finally Mr. Johnson solved this problem—or thought he solved it:

I managed to pay several natives to move to other watering-places with their cattle and sheep and camels, leaving me three good water-holes for photography. But it was weeks before the game came back. Then, when I built my blinds, I encountered several weeks of murky weather. After the clouds cleared away, the country became so dry that every movement filled the air with alkali dust.

THE BISON'S ENGLISH RELATIVES

THE ghost of Charlemagne can range to-day with the aurochs he liked to hunt only in England. These European congeners of the North American bison have become extinct on the continent. But in England a few remain, Mr. N. Tourneur tells us in *Our Dumb Animals*, continuing to speak of the vanished herds of Eastern Europe:

Gone is the famous herd of the Potocki family; and gone the great Lithuanian herd, so carefully preserved by successive Czars; and gone two other smaller herds, as well as the bison of the Caucasus. As they were tokens of aristocracy and lineage, the Bolsheviks exterminated them. In England, however, there are several herds of the aurochs—herds that are wild in every sense of the word—the most famous and getatable being those, at Chartley and Chillingham.

At the latter place, which is easily reached from, say, Berwick-on-Tweed, the Tankervilles have kept their wild cattle, for some six or seven centuries, where stretch miles of the scattered remains of the forest once covering the Cheviot Hills. To get near them at any time is practically impossible, for they are the wildest and most suspicious of wild things. It is difficult to approach any nearer than your binoculars' range, the deer, of which there are some hundreds in the parks, taking alarm and fleeing toward the cattle as if to warn them, and all taking cover in the woods and among the tall thickets of furze and broom. And, too, the aurochs' faculty of scent, of smelling intruders afar, is not only that of animals of the real wild,

but is extraordinarily acute. A cow with calf has been known to "wind" a man's track like a bloodhound, and with very unpleasant consequences to him.

The hearing, also, of those wild cattle is singularly sharp. So it comes that, after you have slowly and cautiously worked up wind into their neighborhood, the keeper hands you the glasses with a grunt. "There's no besting them, sir," he remarks, "as you can see." Laying your glasses on the scattered animals, you note that every head is turned toward you, and the flapping ears and switching tails indicate that very little more alarm may stampede them.

The wild bison of Europe was originally black or deep brown, but England's are white by gradual evolution. See them in the pure half-light of dawn or evening, and, with their white coats and massive heads, bold up-curving horns, alert gleaming eyes, and coal-black muzzles, they appear as the incarnation of wild energy, shy yet tremendous, and of animal beauty. And the garish glare of an unclouded June noontide does not lessen this impression, tho it imparts no glamour nor vision of the past.

They are born suspicious—cautious. When a calf, hidden, as is the way invariably, in a thicket by its mother, is surprized, it does not try to flee—as the farm-bred calf does—but drops like a plummet. It lies low, crouching among the branches and tall bracken like a hare. Step to it and it sets its head for butting in defense, yet it is still so feeble as to fall over with the exertion. Cunningly does the mother hide her youngling in a secret place, changing it often, and coming back at intervals to suckle it. As it grows older it develops the craftiness of the most crafty untamed beast far from the haunts of man. A young bull, getting worsted in a fight, falls and shams death—just the same as the weasel does when enticing you to free it of snare or trap. Then, as soon as the victor ambles away, the other gets up and begins to graze again, but all on the watch for a fresh attack.

As the bulls fight all the year round, in bison fashion—kneeling on their forelegs and tossing the turf over their heads, when they challenge—it is necessary to limit their numbers. And the way of capture as regards them is the same as that used with other animals of the wild—to wit, enticement.

Captivity, England's aurochs can not endure. They pine away, and even the quarterbreeds—for these bison are occasionally crossed with other stock—keep much of the wild cattle's shyness and tendency to quarrel. And they are even as intractable.

Only when hunger compels are these wild bison at all tame and responsive to human approaches. When the frost goes some five or six inches into the ground, making it as hard as Roman cement, and the snow lies deep—weather which the Cheviot country more often experiences than any other part of the British Isles—and the herds can find no food for themselves, loads of hay and turnips are sledged up to the parks by the keepers. Then the aurochs instinctively fall into file behind the supplies as they are being taken to the feeding places. At first they follow at a considerable distance in the rear, but as the journeys are repeated, the animals gradually come closer and closer. And in this way plans are satisfactorily carried out when it is necessary to capture any of the cattle.

There is nothing in England more picturesque and charged with glamour of the

past than sight of the wild cattle on the Chillingham uplands as dusk falls and sunset is fading in pale amber and gold above the moors and woods. Then one white bison after another comes slowly, cautiously, out of the depths of the coverts and glades, trampling the dew-wet bracken, and biting the grass and low boughs of the leafy trees. The same scene as when their progenitors, centuries ago, roamed in the forests covering the Cheviot Hills and much of the marches of borderland and in the waste lands beyond.

CONQUERING A 'GATOR BAREHANDED

WITH a wild shriek, Ball, chainman of the Florida surveying corps, went down into the mucky morass of the swamp amid a shower of water, flakes of moss, and broken fern fronds. There was a momentary glimpse of a scaly tail. He had started to the rescue of his fox terrier, Bobs, who with an agonized yelp, had disappeared into the ferns before him. Now he needed a rescuer himself. Mr. John Wall, who describes the experience in *The Open Road*, grabbed his machete, a large cutting knife, and rushed to the edge of the swale, to find that Ball was being dragged through the water by an alligator fifteen or eighteen feet long. Bobs, the 'gator's first prey, had escaped when the reptile had loosened its hold to seize the man, and was now scrambling from fern tuft to fern tuft, barking like mad. Mr. Wall dashed into the water, and, as we read on:

Swish came that deadly tail, just missing me, covering me with fern fronds and wet moss. Rushing closer I aimed a blow with all my might at the neck of the 'gator, expecting the heavy machete at least to half-behead the monster. As well cut at a palmetto log—the blade snapt at the handle and left no sign of an injury on the 'gator. Swish went that tail again, and I was swept off my feet.

Ball was being drawn through the water toward the opposite side of the swale, soon to disappear forever in a mass of green-briar vines. What should I do? The 'gator glared at me, his eyes ruby red and baleful. A thousand wishes shot through my mind. If only I had a high-powered rifle—a stick of dynamite—a hand grenade—a machine-gun—a pitchfork—a bottle of powerful acid—a harpoon—a bodkin—a scratch-awl—a stiletto—an iron-shod rod—a burning pole—anything with which to attack the red, baleful eyes of this monster, which, some instinct seemed to tell me, were his only vulnerable points. Everything I could think of was far away. Before I could reach even one of the rods, Ball would be gone.

There was a splash behind Mr. Wall and he turned in alarm, fearing another alligator. But it was Rufe, the huge negro, who helped the surveyors, cutting paths through the junglelike growth of the forest, undaunted by tropical heat and swarms of insects. Rufe did not hesitate:

Another leap and he was astride the 'gator, his knees gripping the scaly sides. Weaponless! Was he crazy? His huge hands were reaching for the 'gator's head. Was he going to choke this monster or pry apart those powerful jaws with his naked hands?

Swiftly his thumbs sought those glaring

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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

eyes and, raising himself on his knees and thumbs, the black put all of his weight and power into the downward push. Swish, swish, went the tail and Rufe, his own eyes popping far out, curled his lips back from his large white teeth.

"Ketch Mista Ball! Ketch Mista Ball!" shouted Rufe, and I awakened from my trance to realize that the 'gator had released his victim. I caught Ball and dragged him to land, followed by Bobs. With a leap Rufe left his steed and cleared the swale. The 'gator disappeared.

Ball had fainted, and no wonder. We drew off his high-laced boot. His leg was badly lacerated but no bones were broken. I tore my shirt into strips and bound up the leg. Rufe was binding up the leg of the injured Bobs.

"Cap'n, dis sho' am one spunky li'l dawg, to 'spire to fight a big ole bull 'gator. Sho' am. I sho'd admire to own a dawg like this un."

"Well, you sure have some nerve yourself," I answered.

"Sho', Cap'n, dat ain't nuffin—to fum a 'gator's eyes. Dat's de onliest way to hand'le 'im. Dat is."

SEY YES—AN EQUINE ACTOR WHO WENT FROM BAD TO GOOD

MEN with pitchforks came hurrying to the aid of the new farm hand who was being trampled by Sey Yes—the bad actor, the colt no one could trust. The boy had not been warned of the animal's viciousness, his cunning, his love of apples. So he had taken a short-cut across the paddock, eating an apple, we are told by Laurence Trimble, Sey Yes's present owner, motion-picture director, in *The American Boy*. We read further of the colt's rage:

The colt trotted up, got the apple, and demanded more. Of course, having only the one, the boy made signs to that effect. But to Sey Yes, the boy was merely substituting insults for apples. As Sey Yes saw it, the gestures didn't mean that there really were no more apples but that he was not going to get any, not even a core. So he knocked the boy down. Then he waited till he got up, but when no apple was produced, he knocked him down again. Finally, after he had let the boy up the third time and no tribute was forthcoming, his temper flared and this time he not only struck the lad down but started jumping on him in a rage.

The above is an early chapter in the life of Sey Yes; and, for contrast, here he is presented by Mr. Trimble as of a later date:

He is still very quick in deciding whether or not he likes new people. But no matter who the person is, if I go through a sort of introduction, Sey Yes always accepts him, even if he does sometimes show no more than polite boredom.

But he likes children. Sometimes when taking lumps of sugar from grown-ups, he pinches their fingers a little, just for the fun of seeing them jump, but he is always careful not to pinch the children's fingers.



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The smaller the child, the more careful he is. How he got that way is easy to understand. My attitude very largely colors his, and the first time I took a little boy in my arms and let him investigate the tiny human, he realized that was being very careful of him. He knows well what the word "gentle" means, and after he had several close-ups of little children and been cautioned each time with, "Gently—gently—gently, Sey," he knew he must always be careful with children.

When Mr. Trimble first saw Sey Yes, then a two-year-old colt, he was "a dancing flame bursting free from a cloud of swirling dust." The director describes it thus:

I was being driven in a hired motor-car from Reno to Minden, Nevada, when I saw some fifteen young Percheron horses racing wildly across a pasture. A cloud of dust rolled after them. I suspected that they were being chased by a savage dog.

Straight toward the barbed-wire fence between the pasture and the road they came at a thundering gallop. I went sick at the thought of their stampeding into the cruel, cutting wire. I was about to tell the driver to pull up and help me turn them away from the danger, when I saw something that made me fairly yell at him: "Stop! Stop!"

From out of that pillar of dust behind the charging horses had darted a flame-colored colt. He flew around the thundering band until he was running even with the leaders. Squalling like a savage old range stallion and using punishing teeth, he swung those great Percherons away from the fence. Then, dodging like a scared jack-rabbit, he slipped to their rear and, fiercely speeding up the stragglers, drove them all pell-mell through a wide irrigation ditch, which he himself lightly leapt. With a final scream that sent those panic-stricken dullards pounding onward, he reared high, pivoted, and, apparently just to see if he could make it, scaled the ditch obliquely. With only two leaps for a take-off, he cleared more than twenty feet.

There was an earth mound, about four feet high, near the road. Arching his neck and gaily pluming his tail, he danced round the mound in narrowing circles—then with a catlike spring he lighted upon it. Stock-still he stood, gave two deep, whistling breaths, and announced shrilly that it was a joyous world.

His glorious pose and beautiful lines suggested a composite of all the famous paintings of Arabian horses.

Mr. Trimble forgot that he was in a hurry to get to Minden. Here was a colt that promised to become just such a wonderful horse as he had dreamed of for years. And so:

Under the fence I crawled and walked directly toward him. He snorted and pawed a vicious warning, but I kept straight on. For a moment he was of half a mind to bolt. Steadily I advanced. Puzzled and uncertain, he stood his ground, held by curiosity, as I produced a long leather dog-leash, that I happened to be carrying with me coiled round my waist under my overcoat.

As I climbed onto the mound, he eyed me with suspicion, and gathered himself, ready for a leap away or an attack—I could not tell which.

To his increasing surprise and curiosity, I didn't offer to touch him—I just stood



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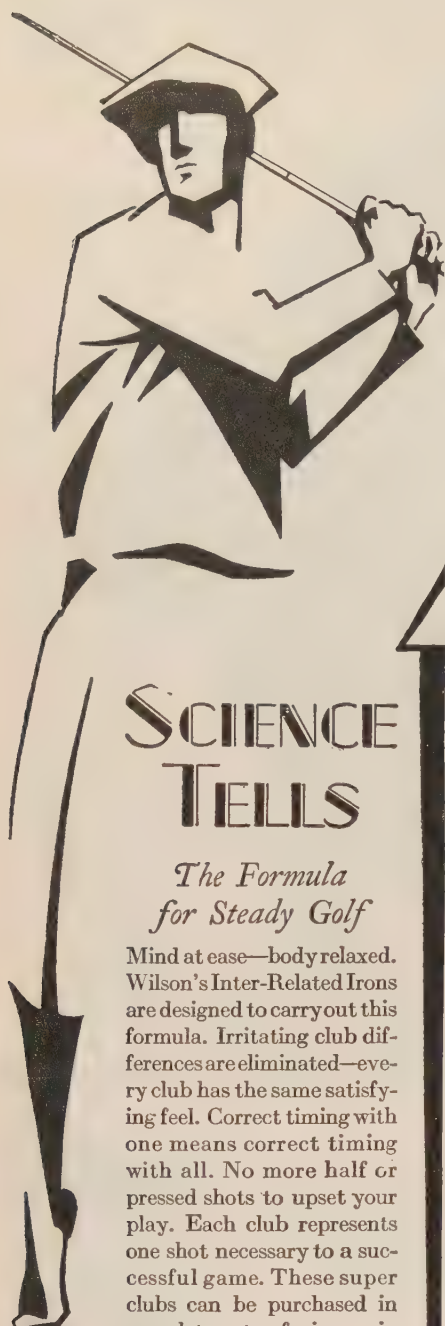
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES

Continued

still and focused my attention on the most distant peaks of the Sierra Mountains.

But as I stood staring at those mountains, I could tell exactly how Sey Yes was feeling about me. The wind coming from him to me prevented his freely getting my scent, but I knew by his explosive breathing that whatever odors he caught both fascinated and troubled him. Out of the tail of the eye, I could see him stretch his neck toward me, then jerk suddenly back, and snort defiantly.

I had never known a horse to behave like this through fear of man, and was much puzzled. It was not as if he were a wild horse and had never met the man scent before; yet his attitude plainly indicated that about me there was something new to his experience, something mysterious that awakened fears in him. Obviously, I didn't look so dangerous to him as his nose suspected me of being. What odor it was that made him tremble and yet tantalized and held him, I could not guess. But the coiled leash in my hand all at once caught and held his attention so completely that he seemed neither to know nor care how closely I watched him.

Slowly I began letting the leash swing. Seeing this, he expressed added interest rather than fear. Then, holding an end of the leash, I let it fall to the ground. He dodged slightly, but no more than was natural at any sudden movements.

He watched closely while I coiled up the leash again.

"Well," I decided, "he sees nothing to fear—he doesn't expect it to bite him, isn't afraid I'll strike him with it. . . . Ah! Now, while I hold the leash still, his nostrils dilate wide—must be that handling it has released more of the odor that has such thrilling meaning for him."

Slowly I raised the leash to my own nose: "Whew—wolves!" I said to myself. "Should have known it."

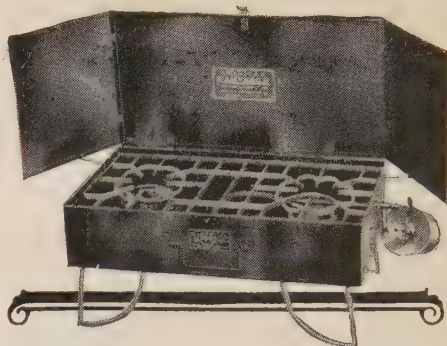
In the motion-picture starring the dog Strongheart, which Mr. Trimble was directing at the time, were a dozen timberwolves. And he had just come from helping load them into crates for shipment to another location. No wonder the leash smelled strongly of them. "I had used it in handling several of them," he continues:

Then, to give Sey Yes a chance to get a good sniff of it, I held to one end and tossed the coil gently down in front of him. He was not much startled by seeing the leash fall at his feet. But one good sniff of it was enough to send him rearing straight up, while he beat the air with his forefeet. He didn't dash away, however, altho obviously prompted to do so. Instead he pawed at the leash a couple of times, and, after a few more tentative sniffs, he threw up his head, noisily expelled the wolf taint from his system, took a very deep breath, glanced in every direction, and gave voice to shrill defiance.

Startled by the suddenness of his ear-splitting scream, I foolishly took a quick step back—and tumbled backward from the mound. As I fell, I saw him dashing madly away.

I've never been quite sure whether my sudden movement just naturally startled him into running away, or whether he got

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the impression that I, too, had been scared by the wolf smell and had set him an example in bolting. Anyway, after wasting some little time in trying to get close to him, I quit, realizing my mistake in seeming to pursue him.

Turning my back I started walking in a circle, and slowly he began following after me.

As it happened, I was trailing the leash along the ground. I kept slowing down, and when he came near enough to snuff and snort at the leash's end, I halted.

Slowly, very slowly, smelling every inch of the leash, he advanced, until literally by following his nose he came to my hand and started examining it. Then, continuing his investigation, he smelled me all over. As he did so, the worst of his tense nervousness subsided. You may be sure that I stood still during this test he put me to—but it was ticklish business, especially when, with the force of a steam-engine's exhaust, he blew hot and cold down my neck. That was a decisive moment, however, for a false move on my part would have been fatal to our getting quickly on a footing of mutual trust.

Finally the colt seemed satisfied that I was a man, and not that natural enemy, a wolf, masquerading in man's clothing. His latent tolerance became evident when he permitted me to loop the leash around his neck.

In a short time the colt had learned that, regardless of the scary odor that had come along with me, I was not a person to fear. That I did not fear him was evidently to his satisfaction. To make sure on this point he nipt my coat sleeve. I did nothing. He nipt harder. I let him know that this didn't please me. Then he gave me a real pinch, and I cuffed his nose for it. He backed off and pawed the ground in a half-playful, half-earnest threat. Whereat I laughed. Then he reared up as if to strike me down with his front hoofs. But I held my ground and let him know that I'd give back to him with interest anything he tried in the way of a funny game, altho I had no intention of fighting him for the sake of a fight. I told him all this by both voice and manner.

Then, with more confidence than he had shown, he came close and again began pulling my coat. But at a word of admonition he would remember not to be too rough.

Suddenly he looked beyond me and laid back his ears. Turning, I saw a man hurrying down a lane toward a gate that opened into the pasture.

"Hi there! Hi!" the man yelled at Mr. Trimble. "That colt is a bad actor; come out of there!" By talking with the man the director learned much of Sey Yes's past, of the misunderstanding which had given him a bad reputation. Mr. Trimble learned, too, that Sey Yes was owned by Prof. F. W. Wilson of the University of Nevada. Professor Wilson, located, recounted the colt's largely Arabian ancestry, at first refused to sell him, and then consented. After that:

In December of 1922, I took him, by train, up into the Canadian Rocky Mountains, where I was going to spend the winter on location, making pictures with dogs and wolves.

We had loaded an express car at the Reno station with the dog-sleds, cameras, and our camping outfit—and in the car were our wolves, Lady Silver, and a dozen

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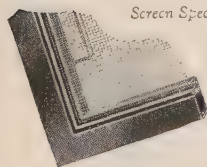
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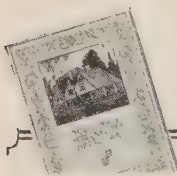
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES Continued

others; also over twenty sled-dogs—huskies—all snarling and howling in their cages.

It took Professor Wilson and me nearly two hours to get Sey Yes to do so much as put his nose inside that car. He objected not only to the wolves and dogs; he objected to everything and everybody in no uncertain terms. But finally I started into the car to get a bucket of water for him (we had a barrelful for the trip, brought from his favorite spring) and without an instant's hesitation, he followed me inside the express car.

During the four days and nights en route, I was with him practically every minute. I slept on a canvas hammock beside him. And by the time we unloaded in Canada, Sey Yes and I were pretty good friends.

What a time he had romping and rolling in the snow, after he came snorting out of that hateful, stuffy express car. He couldn't seem to get enough of that romping. And how he loved the crisp, cold mountain air—even if it were more than forty below zero.

I had telegraphed that an addition should be built onto the little log house I had rented to live in. My bedroom window opened into Sey's room.

That first night in our new home I shall never forget. I had just dozed off to sleep when there was a crash!

There stood Sey Yes with his head inside my bedroom and the floor littered with the smashed window-frame and broken glass. He wanted me to sleep right beside him as I had on the train. So I shoved my bed over near the window. But I didn't get much sleep, for that rascal wanted me to visit with him. And every time I dropt off, he would yank the blankets from the bed—he didn't mind the cold.

The next day I had a new window put in and a stout wooden shutter, like a door, hung over the window, so it would open into Sey's room.

After that, during the nights, when he wanted to visit he would bang the shutter with his nose, and I would get up, slip into warm things, crawl through the window, and play with him, regardless of the hour or the subzero temperature. That was the only way to start his education. If I was going to encourage the friendly, companionable side of his nature and develop his mind, I simply had to be ready to cooperate with him whenever he felt like doing something about it. I didn't want him to be a "trick horse"—one trained merely to do a number of set tricks on cue. Almost any horse can be made into a trick horse. What I greatly desired for Sey Yes was something very different. I wanted him to learn willing obedience; I wanted him to want to do whatever I might wish him to do, and to like doing it—to have a good time at it. So, until he learned to listen to me and my wishes, whenever he called me to come and play, I went. At first we played whatever game he liked, and gradually I led him into doing variations of all the things he liked to do; finally he became willing to try almost anything once.

It was that winter of living together, when close friendship and mutual confidence grew up between the man and the horse, that made all the difference in Sey's attitude. From a wilful, quick-tempered



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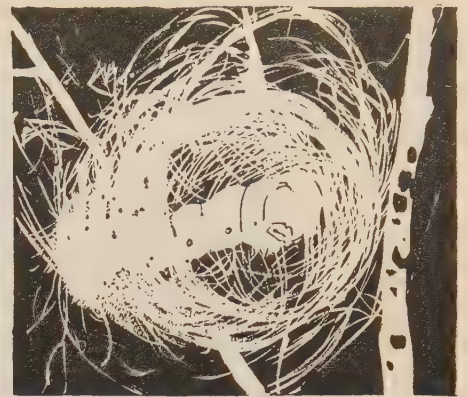
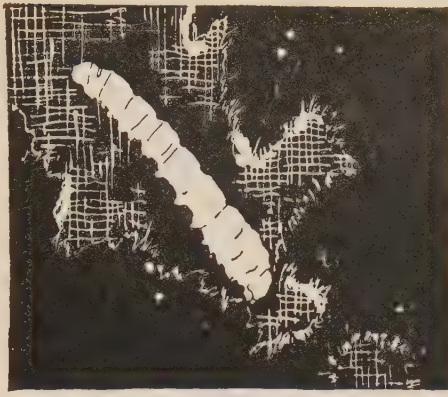
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colt, who had the name of a bad actor, he has grown into a gentle, tho still proud and high-spirited fellow, who has many of the ways of a companionable dog, Mr. Trimble informs us as he proceeds:

There is nothing new, however, in this method of education by intimate contact. I have used it with Strongheart and with every other animal I ever succeeded in teaching anything worth while. Nor did I invent the method. Those horse-loving tribes of Arabia treat their horses more as members of the family than as beasts of burden.

Young colts and children play and grow up together. In bad weather the Arabians would no more leave a colt out in the wet and cold than they would a little child. No, sir!

To have made a trick horse of Sey Yes, to have trained him to do any number of routine things inside a fenced enclosure, would have required not more than four or five months' time. But it has taken over five years to educate him to do what he is capable of doing now, and to use his mind in the way he does. And he is still learning—and likes it.

The problem with Sey Yes was, not to keep him busy learning, but to avoid having him learn things that would spoil his best development. He had to be protected from learning to fear things, for all horses seem to be born with an instinct to bolt at the first suggestion of anything strange. This is natural in horses, because they have always depended for safety on a quick getaway and speed.

At first Sey Yes regarded a motor-car as a raging demon. Now I can turn him loose and he will follow or run beside any car I am in, just as a dog likes to do. A motor-horn was enough to make him jump out of his skin with fright. Now he will, when I tell him to, stand with his front feet on the running-board of a car and blow the horn with his nose; and he thinks it a great lark.

To overcome his fear of motor-cars took time and tact. First, I encouraged him to go close to a car that was standing still. I got him as close as he could be induced to go. Then as soon as he could stand quietly near it, I fed him a bit of carrot. One day he found that he dared go right up to one, and made the great discovery that there were several carrots on the front seat. After a few more such experiences, he apparently got the idea that carrots grew in the front seats of touring cars. He knows now, of course, that they don't; but still it's always worth checking up to see if there happens to be one there—you never can tell about carrots. For him, they have a way of being in the oddest places. This is also true of lumps of sugar.

All animals show a tendency to be curious unless they've been discouraged by getting kicked, poked, or shouted at every time they have the impulse to "look-see." Sey Yes is brimful of curiosity. Generally, when he shows interest in anything, and I think it safe to let him go exploring, he is encouraged to carry on. But he has learned, too, that when I tell him to keep away from anything, to disobey means running into an unpleasant experience.

He has no fear of a whip. He'll trot up and take one away from anybody and gallop off with it. I don't know what he'd do if some stranger were to strike him with one. And I shouldn't like to see what he'd do to that stranger afterward if he got a chance at him, for he has not forgotten that he knows how to knock a man down and trample on him.



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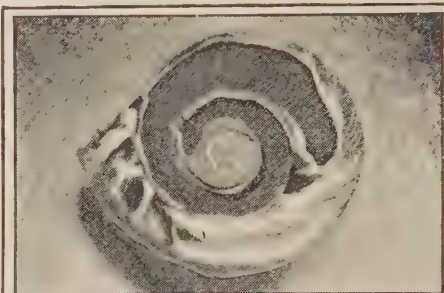
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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES *Continued*

THE MASON BEE AND ITS FORTIFIED CASTLE

THE protection of important locations either by barricade or camouflage is an activity which is not confined to mankind in wartime. This manifestation of the will to live is found even among the inhabitants of the insect world whose lives are a constant battle for survival, and who develop considerable skill in the defense of the homes which are their castles. There



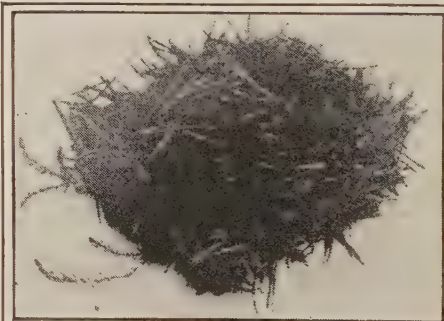
Illustrations from *Bees, Wasps and Ichneumon Flies*, by Friese

A READY-MADE BEE HOUSE

In this shell of a vineyard snail, a pale gold mason bee has made its nest.

is, for example, the mason bee, which favors a discarded snail shell as a residence, and whose method of keeping out intruders is described by a contributor to *Kosmos* of Stuttgart:

This tiny insect, nine or ten millimeters in length, creeps into the empty shell of the vineyard, garden or tree snail, arranges its cell in the spiral convolutions, and then closes the opening with a cover made of well-masticated plant leaves, to prevent the entry of the ichneumon-fly, with its sting, to lay its "cuckoo's eggs."



ARMORED AGAINST INTRUSION

Pine-needles have been thus molded by the bicolored mason bee around its nest in the shell of a tree snail, as a defense against ichneumon-flies.

A closely related mason bee takes even greater care to make its progeny safe from this dangerous and dreaded foe. It, likewise, makes its home in an empty snail shell, preferably that of the hedge snail. It surrounds its abode with a completely concealing and artistic protective structure composed of pine-needles.

This small, but robust, little bee, after completing its nest in the shell, carries through the air the longest pine-needles, four times as long as itself.

With these it builds just such a scaffolding

as a man builds for a tent framework. All the needles cross each other at the top and are so firmly fastened together with mucilaginous saliva that the little house can be lifted off the snail shell without falling to pieces. In this manner the bee gathers together twenty or thirty needles without pausing to rest. When the ground scaffolding is finished, the bee brings blades of grass or straw, bits of moss, and similar nest-building materials, and in this manner hides its home.

THE ANTELOPE—ANOTHER VANISHING AMERICAN

FOR the first—and last—time, the cowboy tried what he thought would be an amusing experiment. He roped an antelope which he had found mixed in with the cattle in the round-up. But he speedily learned his mistake, for a more agile object at the end of a forty-foot rope he had never seen. The little creature went crazy with fright and romped about like a will-o'-the-wisp. No matter how the cowboy moved his pony he could not throw his quarry, for it would run at him, even leaping over his head, repeating this feat time after time. To the cowboy the air seemed full of antelopes. Then the horse became tangled in the rope and ended the affair by staging a bucking exhibition. Such a scene was common enough on the Western plains during the '90's, but now it is seen no more. For the antelope, or American pronghorn (not a true antelope, we learn from the best authorities), is disappearing. As late as 1875, it was estimated that from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 were scattered through the West from central Mexico to western Canada. But in 1926, a careful census showed not more than 30,000, writes Mr. Will C. Barnes in *The Producer*, telling us further:

In the fall of 1883, from an isolated, flat-topped butte, perhaps 500 or 600 feet high, in northern Arizona, I counted no less than 500 antelopes scattered over the open prairie country below. They were chiefly in bands of from fifteen to twenty. While northern Arizona was not heavily stocked with these animals, compared with the great open plains of eastern New Mexico and western Texas, nevertheless they were then very plentiful all over the semidesert ranges along the Little Colorado River of that State.

It was, of course, only a rough estimate, but we used to figure that there were from 40,000 to 50,000 of these interesting little animals running over the ranges on both sides of that river between Holbrook and Winslow—a distance of approximately thirty-five miles. Their range extended back from the river on each side about twenty-five miles. Up to 1886 they had this whole country pretty much to themselves, for only a few cattle and sheep grazed there. In the summer of that year, however, the famous "Hash-Knife Cattle Company" dumped about 30,000 cattle from the Pecos country in west Texas onto this area; and from that time on the antelopes had plenty of range neighbors.

After a brief disagreement with those who contend that the flesh of the antelope is delicious food, Mr. Barnes continues to

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The Literary Digest School and College Directory

LITERARY DIGEST readers seeking private institutions of learning will find in our pages between April 14 and September 8 the following Classified Directory containing the names and addresses of some distinctive residential schools; vocational, professional, special schools, and colleges. In the earlier issues will appear supervised summer camps. Advertisements describing these institutions will be found in the first issue of each month from April to September.

You are invited to write for information to any of the institutions in which you are interested. We list only such schools as we believe are under highly trained and public-spirited executives. Our School Advisory Department continues to serve, as it has for many years, our readers, the schools, and camps without fees or obligation. It is necessary for inquirers to give specific information that may aid us in giving prompt service.

Schools for Girls and Colleges for Women

Miss Beard's School.....Orange, N. J.
Lindenwood College.....Box 728, St. Charles, Mo.
National Kindergarten and Elementary College.....Box 548, Evanston, Ill.
Starrett School for Girls.....Box 42, 4515 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Walnut Hill School.....Box H, Natick, Mass.

Boys' Preparatory

Kiskiminetas School for Boys.....Box 933, Saltsburg, Pa.
Piedie Institute.....Box 4-P, Hightstown, N. J.

Summer Schools

University of Colorado.....Dept. V, Boulder, Colo.

Vocational and Professional

The Bentley School of Accounting and Finance.....923 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
Chicago Musical College—Carl D. Kinsey, Manager.....80 E. Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.

Technical

Bliss Electrical School.....164 Takoma Ave., Washington, D. C.
Colorado School of Mines.....Box T, Golden, Colo.
New Mexico School of Mines.....Box P-4, Socorro, N. M.

Special

Martin Institute for Speech Correction.....105 De Witt Park, Ithaca, N. Y.
University Travel Association, Inc.....Box K, 285 Madison Ave., New York City
The Woods' School.....Box 160, Langhorne, Pa.

Camps

Camp Highland Lake—Col. J. C. Woodward.....College Park, Ga.



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BEASTS, BIRDS AND TREES Continued

discuss the fading away of the antelope. We read on:

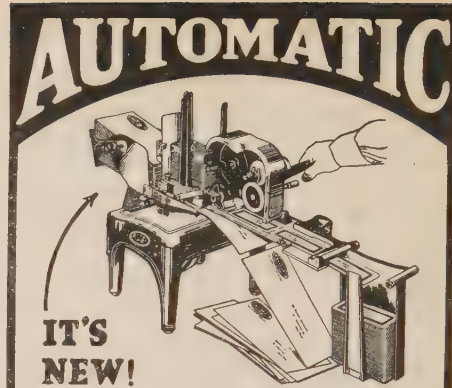
As the lower ranges began to get eaten out, the antelopes began to disappear. Some few bands found their way up into the pines, to elevations above 7,000 feet. I well recall the first bunch of a dozen or more we ran across high up where we knew they had never belonged. These remained there, and undoubtedly developed some new characteristics due to their new environment.

Nobody ever killed many of them; nobody ever saw any dead antelopes on the ranges; and yet, within a decade, they had simply melted away and passed almost completely out of the picture. There was a story afloat to the effect that they had died from some mysterious malady. A wandering scientist from Washington shot a couple, and claimed they were affected with "big jaw" that was assumed to have been caught from cattle. "Big-jaw" cattle were occasionally found in those days, but surely not enough to pass the disease on to all the antelopes on the range. Moreover, their hides are coarse-grained and spongy, and utterly useless for any commercial or beneficial purpose. Hence they were not hunted for their hides, as were deer. Looking back on it now, in the light of later investigation and experiences, there is no doubt that we simply starved them out. The poor little things could not compete with the vast number of cattle and sheep that turned the ranges into dust-heaps.

This antelope, or pronghorn, found only in North America, began to be the victim of slaughter when the Spanish *Conquistadores* found them in the West in the sixteenth century, we learn, as the writer turns to the animal's personal characteristics:

Nobody who has ever seen a bunch of these animals on the plains will forget the brilliant white spot on the rump of each. It is a shield-shaped patch of snowy white hair, much longer than that over the rest of the body. When they are in repose and the hair is lying close to the body, this white spot is not so noticeable. But, when alarmed, they have the power of elevating each particular hair on the rump, until they fairly blaze in the sunlight, like an are light or a huge white flower. Running away from a hunter, these white patches make them conspicuous for great distances. "They carry a pillow under their tails," remarked a cowboy, as a bunch dashed away from him.

One of the oddest things about antelopes is their determination to outrun a rider who may come close to them on the range. They will race along, parallel to the mounted man, for miles, gradually crowding in on him until, in a final burst of speed, they will pass across in front of the horse, and then, as if satisfied with their prowess, slow down and disappear in the distance. Over and over again has this trick been tested out. A band standing two or three hundred yards back from a road would begin a race with a horseman, and, no matter how fast his mount might be forced, they would gradually head in toward the road and cut across it, perhaps not more than ten feet ahead, every single animal following its leader in



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this mad race, as if it were a most enjoyable performance. In my own experience I can not recall ever having any of them pass behind me, no matter how hard prest they were. I have had the tail-end of a band pass almost under my pony's nose, so close that the animal could be struck with a quirt.

The curiosity of antelopes is well known to every man of the plains country. Thousands have been lured to their death by a hunter lying flat on the ground and waving a handkerchief, or even a hat or cap, on the end of a stick. One by one they will advance, a few steps at a time. If one stops, those behind will crowd past it, lest they miss something. Occasionally the whole bunch will stand as if made of stone; then one will advance a few feet, stop an instant, and stamp its front feet on the ground, as if to challenge the waving object. Eventually, a whole bunch will come close enough for the hunter to kill one or two with a quick shot.

Last summer, at our Wichita National Forest in Oklahoma, where we have a small band of antelopes, I tested out this trait. The animals were not over a year old, all raised on the bottle, and comparatively tame. They had never been outside a small pasture of about forty acres, and were being fed oats to get them in shape for the winter. I was curious to learn whether antelopes so raised had lost this peculiarity of their kind. With the bunch about 250 yards distant, I entered the inclosure and, lying down in the grass, began to wave my handkerchief slowly back and forth. Almost at once they pricked up their ears, stared fixedly at the white object, and then performed exactly as I had seen the wild ones do on the Southwestern plains. The trait had not been bred out of them.

This curiosity makes it difficult to photograph semi-tame antelopes, for unless they are coaxed away and held back by offers of oats or feed of some kind, they will come right up to your camera, so close that you can not focus. I recall a funny incident in Montana, where a friend, with his head buried in a black cloth, could not get the focus. His profane remarks about the way his camera was acting almost convulsed us. Finally he uncovered his head, to discover two antelopes trying to lick the lens.

The Navaho Indians of the Southwest used to hunt antelopes by tying to their heads old pairs of horns and hanging over their shoulders either bits of white cloth or old antelope hides. Sometimes the Navahos would smear white earth over their faces, arms, and shoulders. They had little trouble in working their way up to a band and obtaining all the meat they needed. Covered with a white bed-sheet, and moving in a stooping position, E. W. Nelson, the well-known naturalist, was able to make his way close up to the antelope bands on the grassy plains in old Mexico. At first they showed some curiosity as to the white object, but finally paid no more attention.

Quite an industry has sprung up in recent years in Nevada and Alberta, Canada, capturing and raising antelope fawns for sale to men desiring to stock small refuges, zoos, and the like.

Over and over again, however, small bunches have been raised until about six or eight months old, seemingly all in perfect health and condition. Then some sad day 90 per cent. of them have begun to die.

Our herd on the Wichita National Forest in Oklahoma has been built up to twenty or twenty-five head three separate times, only to fade away just when we were congratulating ourselves on success.

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INVESTMENTS • AND • FINANCE

WALL STREET'S RECORD-SMASHING MARCH

MARCH WAS BY FAR the record month of New York Stock Exchange history. The stock market made a record for size and buoyancy unequaled in the world's history, as one commentator remarks. While plenty of reasons that have nothing to do with business conditions are advanced for the upswing of stock values since the end of February, the National City Bank of New York in its April *Bulletin* can not help observing that "undoubtedly the outburst of bull speculation on the Stock Exchange has done a great deal to dispel the gloom that has been accumulating, even tho the prophetic qualities of the market in its present mood are open to question." Before quoting some of the more interesting interpretations of the March boom, let us notice a few of the record-breaking phenomena of those weeks. Whereas up to the first of March there had been only eight daily sessions in the history of the Stock Exchange in which more than 3,000,000 shares exchanged hands, there were sixteen days in March when sales went over the 3,000,000 mark and four days when they actually went over 4,000,000. The volume of trading for the whole month was the largest on record, totaling 84,987,834 shares. The New York *Times* shows that fifty representative railroad and industrial stocks made a net gain of 15.16 points in March, as compared with the previous record of 13.42 in July, 1927. The history of the March advance is told in figures by *The Times*, as follows:

PRICES—COMBINED AVERAGES (50 STOCKS)					Total Shares Dealt in	No. of Issues Dealt in
Date	High	Low	Last	Change		
Mar. 1.....	178.11	176.63	177.43	+ .17	1,777,130	653
Mar. 2.....	177.91	176.14	177.28	- .15	1,749,680	650
Mar. 3.....	178.16	176.75	177.89	+ .61	1,268,600	539
Mar. 5.....	179.82	177.69	179.23	+1.34	2,824,060	642
Mar. 6.....	180.74	178.92	180.12	+ .89	2,818,150	657
Mar. 7.....	180.73	178.66	179.28	- .84	2,694,880	648
Mar. 8.....	180.11	178.93	179.30	+ .02	2,065,570	648
Mar. 9.....	182.21	179.65	181.42	+2.12	3,675,610	645
Mar. 10.....	182.12	180.33	181.18	- .24	2,200,630	581
Mar. 12.....	183.81	181.18	183.02	+1.84	3,875,910	679
Mar. 13.....	184.71	181.37	182.96	- .06	3,947,530	686
Mar. 14.....	184.44	181.84	183.05	+ .09	3,165,515	674
Mar. 15.....	185.39	182.95	184.20	+1.15	3,510,990	679
Mar. 16.....	186.79	184.00	186.00	+1.80	3,910,695	730
Mar. 17.....	187.57	185.55	186.29	+ .29	2,065,810	626
Mar. 19.....	187.90	184.97	186.48	+ .19	3,068,160	693
Mar. 20.....	188.27	185.34	187.30	+ .82	3,322,460	692
Mar. 21.....	189.96	187.14	188.82	+1.52	3,817,900	714
Mar. 22.....	191.12	187.58	188.79	- .03	3,873,890	732
Mar. 23.....	191.61	188.72	190.26	+1.47	3,501,460	723
Mar. 24.....	191.77	189.81	190.81	+ .55	1,989,550	669
Mar. 26.....	192.86	189.93	191.56	+ .75	4,202,820	706
Mar. 27.....	192.91	187.38	190.99	- .57	4,790,270	726
Mar. 28.....	192.63	189.97	191.15	+ .16	4,019,890	706
Mar. 29.....	192.32	189.36	190.91	- .24	3,759,334	716
Mar. 30.....	194.50	191.03	193.58	+2.67	4,660,420	711
Mar. 31.....	194.13	191.89	192.42	-1.16	2,430,920	668

What this tremendous rise in the volume of Stock Exchange business—to say nothing in the rise of prices—means, according to several commentators, is that we are fast becoming a nation of stockholders. It means, too, writes the financial editor of the New York *Evening Post*, "that in corners as far separated as

Maine and Washington and California and Florida, men are hanging over stock tickers just as they are in Wall Street." The same writer informs us that the number of tickers in use has increased from 5,500 less than a year ago to around 7,000. On the Stock Exchange itself this involves an increase in the number of trading-posts on the floor, the use of a new system of shorter abbreviations to speed up the ticker service—which ran way behind on the 4,000,000 share days—and the setting of experts to work to prepare a new and speedier ticker. Incidentally, the value of a seat on the Stock Exchange went up to \$375,000 in March, as compared with about \$80,000 in 1924.

Coming to explanations of the March market, *The Guaranty Survey*, published by the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, declares that:

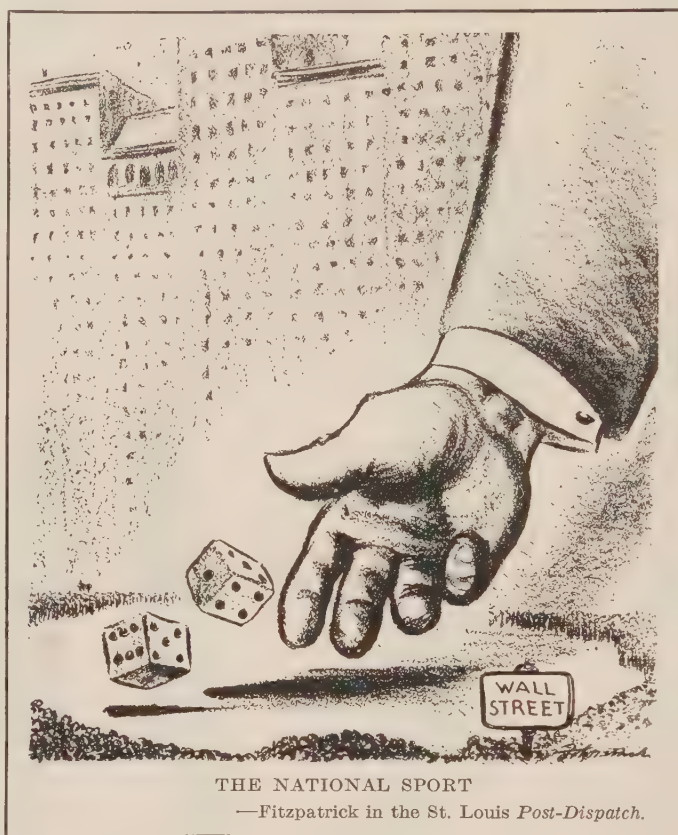
Stocks have risen because of idle funds seeking investment, but also because of continued faith in the future earning power of American business. Present values in many instances are not justified by either past or present earnings, but that the majority still believe in the upward trend of business is evidenced by this extensive discounting of the future.

On the other hand, while the National City Bank of New York acknowledges the gloom-dispelling effect of such a bull market, it observes in its current *Bulletin* that:

For some time the market has appeared to be influenced by forces other than the trend of business. Easy money, a wide public participation, and the locking up of large blocks of stock in the strong boxes of investment trusts and individual investors have made the market more than ordinarily open to manipulation. Without question a large part of the advance in stock prices which has occurred in recent years can be justified on the basis of the increased earning power of our leading corporations, as well as the inevitable adjustment of yields to the lower level of interest rates. The line, however, between justifiable advance and inflation is a fine one to draw, and the unfortunate part of such wide-spread indulgence in speculation as has been taking place is that the public becomes heavily involved, so that any decline in prices may affect the expenditures of many people in the commodity markets. Probably never before have so many people been interested in the stock market as to-day, a fact which must be reckoned with in any attempt to size up the business outlook.

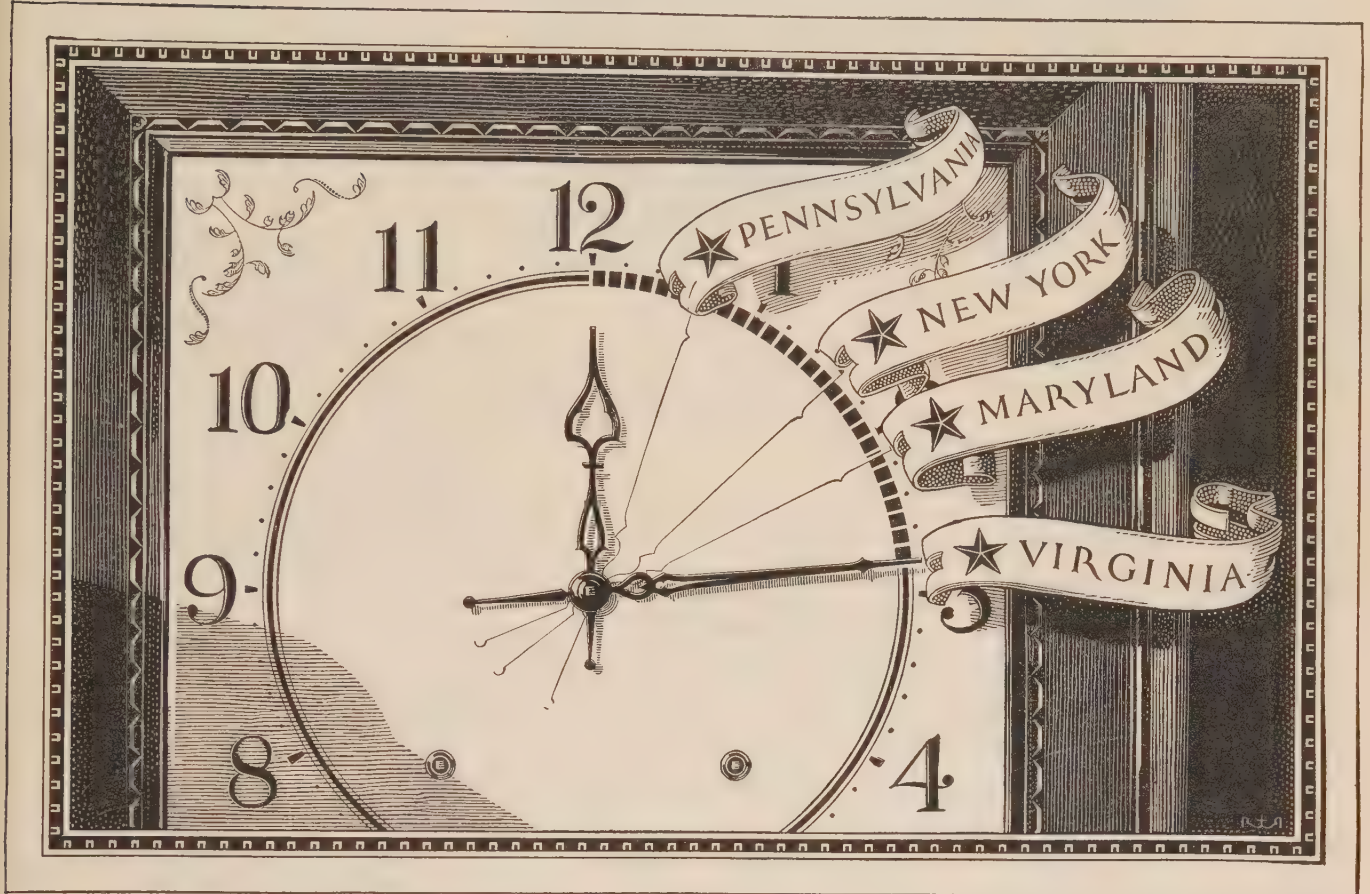
The most dubious view of the March splurge is thus exprest by B. C. Forbes on the financial page of the New York *American*:

The stock market palpably has lost its head. It has ceased



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ERIE	NEW YORK	WINSTON-SALEM
FORT WAYNE		YOUNGSTOWN

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

to fulfil its legitimate, orderly function. Instead of a sane market-place it has become a seething Monte Carlo.

It apparently means nothing—thus far—to the rampant bulls that call money has moved up to 5 per cent., that time money has advanced, that bankers' acceptance rates have twice been raised, that gold exports are breaking all records, that loans are soaring toward new peaks, that the Federal Reserve Banks ratio or reserve is down 5 per cent. from a year ago, and that the Federal Reserve authorities have raised the rediscount rate.

Nor apparently does it mean anything—thus far—that business during the first quarter of the year has fallen below expectations, that the majority of industries are doing poorer than a year ago, that the movement of merchandise by the railroads has distinctly fallen off, that unemployment has been occasioning wide-spread concern, and that commercial failures are increasing.

Nor apparently does it mean anything—thus far—that the political party now in power is undergoing disconcerting bombardment, that the political outlook admittedly has become more uncertain, and that the nominating conventions are near at hand.

In trying to explain the enormous turnover in stocks in March, a number of writers come to the same conclusion that it is fundamentally due to a tremendously wide public participation in the market. Professional elements alone could not be held responsible for the kind of frenzied trading that went on during the month, we read in the *New York Journal of Commerce*. And the "selective" character of the trading, we read in the same paper, showed it was speculative rather than investment buying. Undoubtedly, writes Charles F. Speare for the Consolidated Press, the March market was one of specialties, and will be described in financial history as "the period of speculation in General Motors and Radio Corporation." As it seems to Mr. Speare, "it is a new generation of investors and speculators buying into the products of a more scientific age and into a new system of transportation and of merchandising." In the opinion of this commentator:

The most astonishing feature of the market is its wonderful vitality, its ability to come back, to get up after being knocked down. It has gone up to new heights in spite of the dearest money of the year, the largest gold exports of the season, and the first evidences in the size of commercial loans that business is becoming a competitor with speculation for money accommodations. One of the strangest and most mystifying of all the financial phenomena is the moderate increase in brokers' loans compared with the obvious requirements of 4,000,000 to 4,800,000 share markets.

The education of millions in investing accounts for much of this speculative wave, thinks W. S. Cousins, writing for the King Feature Syndicate:

The sweeping out of the bucket-shops of New York and other financial centers through the combined efforts of the Stock Exchange, the bankers', and merchants' organizations, removed an evil-smelling menace to the welfare of the small investor, diverting millions of dollars from the swindler and the confidence man to the channels of profitable industry. The benefits thus were twofold, for they not only assisted in the financing of industrial activity but brought in thousands of dollars in dividends to a new generation of investors.

So successful have these new security stock traders been in selecting the stocks which have led most of the bull markets of recent months that they have developed with themselves a feeling of confidence in the future of American industry and the continuance of rising stock prices.

The fact that "speculation in stocks is not confined to any particular section of the country, but involves every part of it," impresses *The American Banker*:

Stories reach New York that the wild outburst of trading has made many new millionaires throughout the country. There may be truth in this, but, regardless of the amount of individual gains, the fact holds good that the public for once has been on the right side of the market and has piled up some imposing paper profits. Whether they will be permanent remains to be seen.

A banker from a representative Middle West city in New York admitted that the speculative wave was sweeping over his section and was carrying with it men who rarely before had entered the market. These men are of the more substantial class. Many of them are investors of a conservative type, but have been unable to resist the soaring tendency of stock-market quotation. A safe feature of the situation, as this banker saw it, was that local people who are in the market are either cautiously buying outright or are margining their purchases so heavily that they are not liable to be caught by an unexpected swing downward.

Finally, a long editorial attempt to explain the state of affairs in Wall Street is made by *The New Republic*. It calls attention to the large volume of credit available to speculators:

At the present time, corporations and other non-bank lenders are supplying well over one-quarter of the credit needed by brokers to carry their margin accounts. The total of loans to brokers still remains at about \$3,750,000,000, in spite of the banks' efforts to restrict them. Among the main causes of the continued boom must therefore be listed the enormous amount of free funds in the hands of the big companies, which are neither being used in their own businesses, nor held on deposit in the banks, nor invested in other securities. When, for any reason, these funds are withdrawn, we may expect to see the market fall, unless the banks at the same time adopt a more liberal credit policy.

But "the most extraordinary phenomenon is the extent to which the small non-professional speculators and investors are participating in the market." The writer in *The New Republic* calls attention to the great increase in the national income since 1922 which has gone very largely to the persons receiving incomes of \$5,000 a year

and up. Thousands of people now have small cash surpluses for investment, "and the possibilities of making money on the Stock Exchange has received tremendous advertising"—

"Services" and dope-sheets have multiplied and prospered. Special magazines devoted to Wall Street have grown up by the dozen. Newspaper space commenting on the market long ago began to rival the racing and sporting pages. Those who have piled up speculative profits during the recent years of appreciation have told their friends, and the friends have tried it and told their friends in turn. Large sections of people have been educated to the fact that here was a quick and easy way to make money, that the small investor did not necessarily need to hold to the limited return of savings-bank deposits and gilt-edged bonds. The same discovery has led to the rapid growth of investment trusts, by means of which the small investor may secure the benefits of diversification and expert management—the devices which enable the big fellow safely to reap the larger profits in stock holdings.

These persons are not merely speculating on the short-run turn of stock-market prices. They expect basic values to go on increasing, almost without interruption. Many of them do not operate on margin at all, and many others carry much wider margins than was customary in the case of small speculators ten years ago. It would, therefore, require the apprehension, not of a minor slump, but of a major industrial catastrophe, to scare them out of the market altogether.

"WHAT IS A STORE?"

THE question is asked by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, as it contemplates further development in the present revolution in retailing indicated by the entrance of a great mail-order house into chain-store retailing on a large scale. Our whole distributing system is being made over. Nowadays, we read, a store can not be identified by what it sells, "and eventually it may be necessary to reclassify retail establishments by the particular kind of service rendered." The point is emphasized by quoting an official of the United States Chamber of Commerce who says that in the recent survey in the city of Providence it was found that "eleven cigar stores are selling paint and varnish, eleven sell dry-goods and notions, and forty-six carry groceries." Almost anybody, we are told, will admit that in these days the function of a drug-store is not merely to distribute drugs. Mr. Dodd, of the Chamber of Commerce, adds that "it is a far cry from meat to tobacco, yet both are sold in thirty-one butcher shops in Providence."

The new Montgomery Ward policy is of intense interest to retailers, wholesalers and manufacturers, declares *The Journal of Commerce*, "for that policy may be historic in the evolution of a newer American system of distribution":

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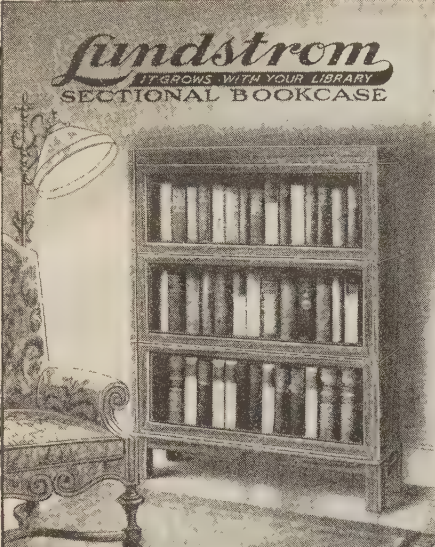
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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Continued

joined one another to form greater chains. Sears, Roebuck and Company has cut away from its restriction to mail-order activities. It has opened large department stores in a number of cities. These department stores form a chain. Now comes Montgomery Ward and Company with the most ambitious of all-chain-store plans. It intends to be represented in each of the 1,500 American towns of a population of 5,000 or more. Thus the chain will control a minimum of 1,500 stores—possibly more, for in some towns it may be that more than one store will be opened.

Not merely in size is the Montgomery Ward plan impressive. It is impressive also by its unique sales policy. Instead of concentrating on small articles, as other chains of small stores do, it devotes itself principally to furniture, stoves and ranges, sporting goods, house furnishings, tires, radio equipment, and electrical appliances.

This means that Montgomery Ward and Company does not merely intend to operate a great chain of 1,500 stores, but intends to operate them as feeders for its mail-order business.

Where the Ward plan, the Sears plan, the Schulte plan, and all the others will lead to, nobody can foresee with any approach to precision. Perhaps efficient individual retailers will preserve themselves by organizing associations for cooperative buying and for cooperative development of greater efficiency. The various chain stores are going forward, taking one step at a time, watching their competitors, and letting practical experience from year to year decide their course.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT, ETC. Required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of "THE LITERARY DIGEST"

Published weekly at New York, N. Y.

For April 1, 1928.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Wm. Neisel, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers of THE LITERARY DIGEST, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the certificate required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher, Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., N. Y. City.
Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.
Managing Editor, Wm. S. Woods, 354 4th Ave., New York City.

Business Managers, The Board of Directors of Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 4th Ave., New York City.

2. That the owner is: If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the name and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.
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WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary of FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publisher and Owner.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1928.

[Seal] ROLLO CAMPBELL,
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(My commission expires March 30, 1930.)

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

March 29.—Mexican Federal forces kill 128 rebels and capture forty-seven in an all-day battle in the State of Guanajuato.

The House of Commons gives second reading to the bill giving British women the vote at the age of twenty-one, instead of thirty as at present, and vote favorably on it, 387 to 10.

Both the lower houses of the Convocation of Canterbury and York approve the proposed revision of the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, as amended.

March 30.—The Italian Cabinet unanimously adopts Premier Mussolini's proposal prohibiting all organizations of boys except those under the direct control of the Balilla, the Fascist boys' organization.

Maj. Mario de Bernardi, Italy's premier speed flyer, makes a new world record by flying over Venice at a maximum speed of 350 miles an hour, and averaging a 318.57-mile gait.

March 31.—Forty people are killed and 136 injured in a series of earthquake shocks at Smyrna, Asia Minor.

April 1.—The Nanking Nationalist Government apologizes to the United States Government and offers reparation for the Nanking outrage of a year ago, when one American was killed, several injured, and the American Consulate looted.

DOMESTIC

March 28.—The Senate passes the \$325,000,000 flood-control bill without a dissenting vote.

March 29.—Palmer Anderson, United States Marshal at Chicago, asks United States Attorney-General Sargent for authority to swear in special deputies for service in Chicago during the primaries on April 10.

March 30.—United States Senator Frank B. Willis of Ohio drops dead as he prepares to address a gathering at Delaware, Ohio, in behalf of his own candidacy for the Republican nomination for President. He was in his fifty-seventh year.

George Haldeman and Edward Stinson set a new world's record for a duration flight by flying over Jacksonville Beach, Florida, without stop, 53 hours, 36 minutes, 30 seconds.

March 31.—The text of the last note from Foreign Minister Briand of France accepting, with important reservations, the last American proposal for a multi-lateral treaty proscribing war is made public in Washington. The French proposal stipulates, among other things, that the obligations of the new pact should not be substituted for any obligations imposed upon its members by the League of Nations.

April 2.—Senator Shipstead of Minnesota asserts in the Senate that the total number of unemployed is 8,331,000, and that the Department of Labor's report putting the total of unemployed at 1,874,050 refers merely to the "shrinkage" of employment between the average of 1925 and of January, 1928.

April 3.—Secretary of the Treasury Mellon recommends to the Senate Finance Committee a tax-reduction of \$182,000,000, approximately \$100,000,000 less than provided in the tax bill recently passed by the House.

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Clear the Track.—WIDOW, 19, wishes acquaintance railroad or wealthy farmer.—*Denver Post.*

Fireworks Later.—"So they finally got married?"
"Yes, it's all over but the shooting."—*Texas Ranger.*

Always a-Ramblin'.—Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, wife of the Senator from Missouri, has a home filled with beautiful and peripatetic old furniture.—*Kansas City Star.*

Bang Goes Six Thousand.—"My time is worth \$100 a minute."
"Gee, it's pretty tough on you when they set the clock an hour ahead."—*Boston Transcript.*

Cut Out the Weeps.—Talk over the money question and ask him for a definite amount each week. Then, perhaps, you can avoid bringing up the disturbing word so often.—*Los Angeles paper.*

Almost Not Exactly Quite as Good.—"Bill went to Washington expecting that his Senator would get him an easy berth."
"And did he?"
"Not exactly; but he gave him a wide one."—*Boston Transcript.*

Hard to Please.—COUNTRY-BRED MAID—"But, sir, why do you write so much?"
MASTER—"I am an author—I write novels."
MAID—"Fancy taking all that trouble when you can buy a novel for sixpence!"—*Fliegende Blaetter (Munich).*

Apology with a Kick.—"In your paper this morning you wrote of my speech at the public meeting last night as the 'insane drivings of a played-out politician.'"
"What! My dear sir, I am truly sorry if it appeared that way in our paper. The word I used was 'inane.'"—*Boston Transcript.*

How's Your Appetite?—A list of well-known quality foods at very low prices
Rinso, large package..... 19c
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Quaker Oats, 3 small packages..... 25c
Shredded Wheat, 2 packages..... 19c
Royal Baking Powder, 12-ounce tin. 43c
—*Chain grocery catalog.*

A. W. O. L.—
Here lies the body of Samuel Crane
Who ran a race with a speeding train.
He reached the track, got near across,
But Sam and his car were a total loss.
The sexton softly tolled his knell,
Speeding Sam on his way to—well,
If he'd only stopped to look and listen
He'd be livin' now instead of missin'.
—*Dallas Hurry Back News.*

Family Reunion.—Mrs. Thomson went to Montana after her husband entered prison to live with relatives.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Passing the Buck.—CLUBMAN—"I've struck a perfectly priceless idea. I've arranged to give a man \$10,000 on condition that he relieves me of all my worries."
FRIEND—"That's fine, but where are you going to get the \$10,000?"
CLUBMAN—"Ah, that will be his first worry."—*Boston Transcript.*

What Have You?—MIDDLE-AGED widower wishes acquaintance with lady or widow.—*Denver Post.*

Not Without Anesthetics, We Trust.—Main officers of the State banking department will be opened in the Ladd & Bush bank building, Salem.—*Portland Oregonian.*

Angel Food Calories.—Mrs. — succumbed to an operation at Rochester some time ago and is gaining rapidly.—*Minnesota paper.*

Sitting Pretty.—"Did you really understand the scientific lecture you heard last night?"
"No, but that didn't matter, I had a free ticket."—*Gemütliche Sachse (Leipzig).*

Such Is Fame.—Some startling predictions as to the future of population in England were recently made by Rev. William R. Ingle, commonly known as the "gloomy deacon."—*Has-tings (Fla.) paper.*

Walk Out.—"Did yez hear 'bout the trick that some one put over on old Hank?"
"No."
"Some one left one of dem there birth-control pamphlets in the henhouse, and he ain't had no eggs for a month."—*Columbia Jester.*

Heavenly Recruiting.—The pastor reported a successful year. Twenty-seven have come into full connection with the church during the year; 6 infants and 10 adults have been baptized; 6 marriage ceremonies have been performed, and officiated at 40 funerals.—*Amesbury (Mass.) paper.*

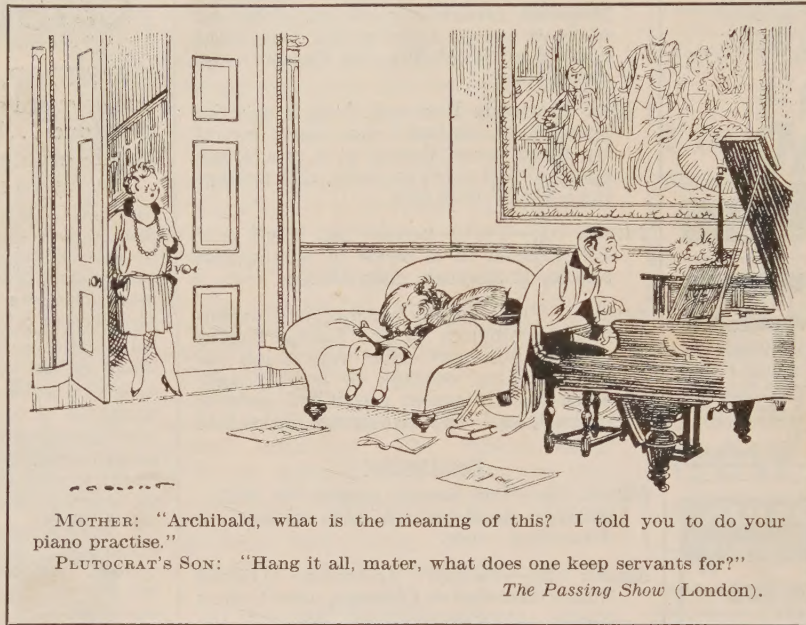
Those Orchestra Seats.—
Lady of the golden tresses,
Lady sitting at my right:
Know you that your elbow presses
Tight?

Ever since you first were seated
And I first admired your map,
We have waged a very heated
Scrap.

No one else, I'm sure, has seen us
Battle to determine who
Owns the narrow ledge between us
Two.

Every time I've tried contesting
Whether I might seize a share,
I have bumped your own arm resting
There.

Lady, I don't wish to pound your
Elbow; there is but one cheek—
May I put my arm around your
Neck?
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*



Uncle Sam's Big Idea.—The Liberal party of Nicaragua, in its platform, accepts the meditation of the United States.—*Catskill (N. Y.) paper.*

Glub!—"Did you hear what happened to Jones?"
"No, do tell."
"He got drunk in Venice and tried to lie down in the gutter."—*Cornell Widow.*

Chooses to Run.—FIRST MEXICAN—"Carlos has announced that he will be a candidate in the next election."
SECOND DITTO—"What's he running for?"
FIRST MEXICAN—"The border."—*Life.*

Rip at the Wheel.—Does this new Ford get away? Does it do a bullet rôle when you step on the accelerator? It does nothing but that. I drove it sixty-seven miles an hour on Market extension. I took my hands off the wheel for 200 years at sixty-seven miles an hour.—*Deadwood paper.*

Are you a Thunkard?—
If a male goose we call a gander,
A male moose must be a mander.
If one who fails is a failure,
Then one who quails is a quailure.

If a female duke is a duchess,
A female spook must be a spuchess.
If drinking too hard makes a drunkard,
Then thinking too hard makes a thunkard.
—*Boston Transcript, which credits the first of the above verses to "Exchange."*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications

adjustation, adjuston, etc.—"J. J. C." New York City.—In 1866, J. B. Rose, writing upon the calendar in Vergil's "Eclogues and Georgics," introduced *adjustation* for "the action of adjusting," but he should have used the word *adjustment* that has been in the language since 1644: "the process of adjusting, setting right, regulating, etc." *Adjustation* is a nonce word, *adjuston* is another, and needless in view of the fact that *adjustment* serves the purpose and conveys the same meaning as that claimed for *adjustion*.

Bettencourt.—"J. J. S." Dunsmuir, Calif.—The family name *Bettencourt* is derived from the commune in the department of the Nord in France, or from the commune in the department of the Somme, twenty-seven kilometers from Abbeville, which bears the name *Bethencourt-surmer*, from which *John de (Jean de) Bethencourt* took his name. Therefore, the name is of Norman-French origin and not of Portuguese.

BUT, the French write the name either way, *Bethencourt* or *Bettencourt*, and *Jean de Bethencourt* was chamberlain of Charles VI. of France. In some manner not stated in history, he acquired certain rights in the Canary Islands from Henry III., King of Castile. He set sail for the Canaries in 1402 with Gadifer de La Salle, and converted the inhabitants to Christianity in 1404. He returned to Normandy in 1406, and died on his estate there in 1425. He was the author of "The Conquest of the Canaries," of which editions were published in France by Gravier in 1874, and by Margry in 1896.

One of the descendants of *Jean de Bethencourt* was *Augustin de Bethencourt y Molina*. He was born at Tenerife, one of the Canary group, of which the sovereignty remained with Spain. Your friend who claims Portuguese origin for the *Bethencourts* that he knows, has confused the Portuguese with the Spanish. We have no record of Portuguese members of the family. *Bethencourt* is a French place-name, which was used as a surname by Jean, the Chamberlain of Charles VI., in the days when people began to identify themselves with the locality in which they were born or lived.

blizzard.—"L. P." Lincoln, Neb.—The origin of *blizzard* is unknown; the term may have been onomatopoeic. We have had *Bléard*, *Blizard*, and *Blizzard* as proper names for more than two centuries.

Bléard is the French form of the English *Blizard*, which has been in the language for years, and may have originated from a combination of *blé*, wheat, plus *sart*, field, cognate with this is *sartière*, the untilled soil at the base of dikes; but, see below.

According to the Proceedings of the Royal Society, London, one Sir William *Blizard* was appointed surgeon to the London Hospital in 1780 and in conjunction with Dr. MacLaurin founded the Medical School there in 1785. He lectured on anatomy, physiology, and surgery. "The Lancet" (III:19) printed an article about him in 1824. Sir William *Blizard* became President of the College of Surgeons. *Blizard* was an example of hereditary longevity. His father and mother both attained 80 years; his grandmother lived to 90, and he was 92 years old when he died in 1855.

Thomas *Blizard* was a pupil of his uncle, Sir William *Blizard*, and became so famous as a surgeon that by the time he was forty-six years old he had acquired a fortune large enough to retire. "The Gentleman's Magazine" for the year 1838 contained an interesting article upon his career.

The Parish Register of St. George's Chapel, Mayfair, London, for the year 1752 contains the following entry in volume 1, page 226: Joseph *Blizzard* married Mary Bassitt.

The personal name has been traced by Henry Harrison in "Surnames of the United Kingdom" to Middle English *bliss*, Old English *blis*,=Old Saxon *blizza*, plus the intensive suffix *-ard*, used to form nouns from adjectives or verbs.

International Date Line.—"S. F." New York City.—This is an imaginary line fixed upon as the point where the reckoning of the calendar day changes. In nautical practise, the meridional line 180° from Greenwich, but practically running through Bering Strait and irregularly through the Pacific Ocean. East of this line the day is dated one day earlier than on the west of it.

The line is irregular and separates the islands of the Pacific so that those lying east of it carry the same date as the United States; those to the west carry the same date as Japan and Australia.

most.—"J. W. C." Reno, Nev.—The expressions "most ideal" and "most scenic" may be good English. We say "most excellent," "most perfect," and thus "most ideal" and "most scenic" may be used as have the various ideals presented and discussed by speakers. "Of all the views presented, the last was the *most scenic*," implies that there was more scenery about it, and it was more picturesque than those that had preceded. The "most ideal" or "the most truly ideal" of any class or matters to which the word *ideal* may be applied is an acceptable phrase; for example, in speaking of plans. Of all the plans submitted to the Committee, the second was the *most ideal*.

par excellence.—"C. R. C." Phila., Penna.—The phrase is French. Its use in English is rendered "by virtue of the highest excellence," but the literal translation is "by or through excellence." The phrase is used commonly to mean "beyond comparison." The earliest use of the French phrase in English dates from 1598, and has been traced to Robert Tofte, who published, in that year, "Alba, or the Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover."

"My bright Sunne renowned *par excellence*
Through the illustrious splendor of her gleames."

The earliest use of the English rendering "by excellence" dates from the time of Bishop Hall, who, in 1613, wrote "A Holy Panegyric."

The eminent French poet and translator of fables, Jean de La Fontaine, who lived from 1621 to 1695, is credited with having made the first use of the phrase in French literature. Littré cites him in the Fable of the Dog as follows: "Petit Chien:

"Si le ciel, t'eût, dit-il, donné *par excellence*
Autant de jugement que de barbe au menton."

Literally translated, this reads, "If heaven to you, said he, had given *by excellence* as much judgment as of hair in your beard." But it must have originated many years before.

Diderot used the phrase in his "Règne de Claude et Ner," chapter 1, section 16: "Sa mère Antonia disait d'un sot *par excellence*: Il est plus bête que mon fils Claude." Bossuet, in his *History* referred to Aristotle as, "The Philosopher *Par Excellence*," and the King of Persia, whom certain Greek nations termed the Great King, they called "The King *Par Excellence*." Fénelon, who died in 1715, wrote in his "Treatise on Empedocles," the Greek poet, of Agrigento, Sicily, where Empedocles was born in the fifth century before Christ: "One only called it ordinarily the great town *par excellence*."

The foregoing show—(1) a figurative application to animals; (2) an application to a human being in an emphatically derogatory sense; (3 and 4) applications to individuals with laudatory sense; (5) an application to a town. To the above noted should be added the application to the Almighty, for the French commonly spoke of God as "L'Être *Par Excellence*," which we would render as the *Supreme Being*. With a wider range of use, the phrase has been applied promiscuously, so that "par excellence" may designate the assumption of a common name to the rejection of a particular and appropriate proper name, thus taking on an accomplishment of the individual rather than a characteristic or attribute. For example: "Guillaume de Normandie *par excellence* Guillaume le Conquerant." The phrase has been applied to headgear, and the red hat of the Cardinal is designated by the French as "Le chapeau *par excellence*."

prompt.—"T. A. S." Erie, Pa.—The adjective *prompt* may be regularly compared—*prompter*, *promptest*—for the word has been inflected since 1549, some persons favoring "more and most *prompt*," others favoring *prompter* and *promptest*.

"Most *prompt*" occurs in Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," act iv, scene 4. Carlyle in "Sterling," volume 1, chapter 1, page 5, refers to "the *promptest* and least hesitating of men."

thoroughbred.—"W. S. O'B." Marysville, Calif.—When applied to man, the term means a well-born and thoroughly trained, well-educated person. This word, as designating a pure breed of stock, particularly when applied to a race-horse or a dog, designates one whose pedigree has been recorded for a number of generations in the stud-book. The term has been in the language for 140 years. It is not restricted in its application merely to horses and dogs; it is applied also to cattle.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

1. What is the *Evangelical Alliance*, and when was it founded?
2. When, where, and by whom was the first *post-office* in America opened?
3. What is the difference in sense of *all*, *any*, *each*, *every*, *either*, and *both*?
4. Explain the *parcel-post zone system*. When was it introduced?
5. Compare and contrast the uses of *every*.
6. Explain the *police organization* of American cities.
7. How may *Brunhild* and *Brünnehilde* be differentiated?
8. How many classes of *domestic mail-matter* are there?
9. What are the characteristics of the *Australian ballot*?
10. What constitutes *evidence* as used in law?
11. In the United States, how do the State *constabulary* and municipal *police* differ?
12. What school was the predecessor of *St. John's College*, Annapolis, and when was it founded?

Find the answers in

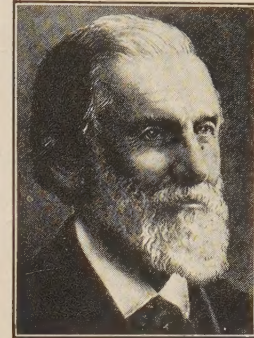
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